The Sketch

Christmas Shopping Number 1953

2/-

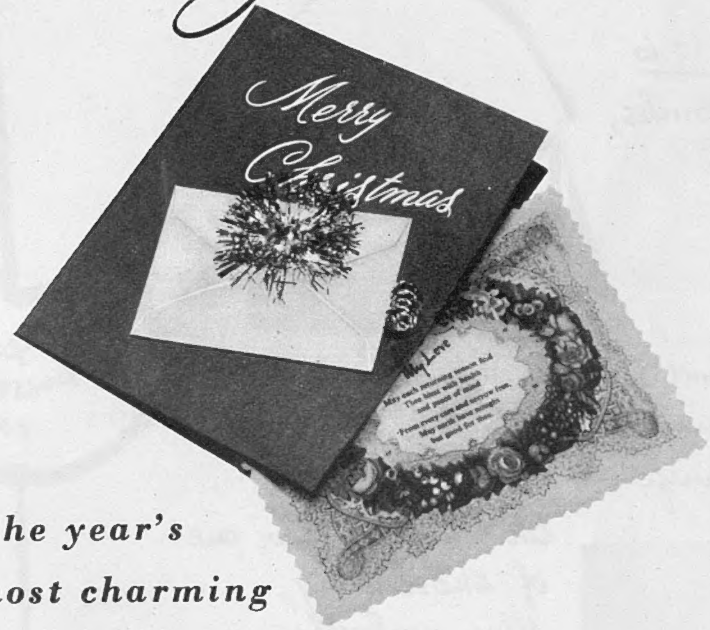
No. 2847 VOL. CCXIX.
NOVEMBER 18, 1953.

In a 'gin and it'
better drink
MARTINI
MARTINI
VINO VERMOUTH
MARTINI ROSSI
TORINO
NOT LESS THAN 30 PER CENT PROOF
SWEET
MARTINI

Dear Santa
-and a handsome calf bag in a Dark colour to wear with suits £5.19.6
Also, because I always miss the Drinks, a sturdy combined corkscrew and
bottle opener - preferably malacca 18/9 - there's a fruit knife to match 14/6
Oh - and I'd love one of those long, slim umbrellas that unscrew for packing 79/6
And a velvet cummerbund - lovely in flame, green or gold, twisted with black 53/-
- or a brilliant silk scarf from Italy - especially one with Creole Dancers on it 42/6
- and a really compact beauty case, cherry or brown, fitted with Charles of the Ritz cosmetics £3.10.0
All from the Ground Floor
HARVEY NICHOLS
Harvey Nichols & Co Ltd of Knightsbridge and Bournemouth

A

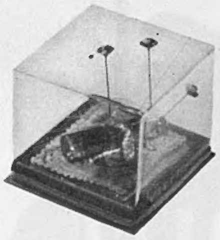
The loveliest way of saying Merry Christmas



The year's most charming Christmas card

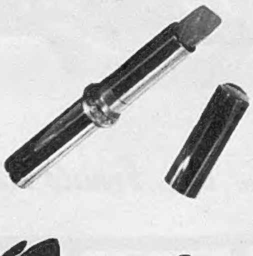
A gay cyclamen card holds a large My Love Sachet, with a flowery garland and a verse of good wishes. So easy to give—just sign the personal gift card with the sparkling seal and post it for Christmas morning. 17/- Also with Blue Grass Sachet

Sweet Chimes—Ring in a happy Christmas with this clear shining bell holding a bottle of beloved Blue Grass Perfume. In pretty gift box 18/9



. . . or enchant her with a jewel topped Perfumair of Blue Grass Perfume, with a Blue Grass Sachet and three jewel pins 36/9

Jewel Duet Lipstick in gilt with jewelled centre, holds two extra long swivel lipsticks in different shades. In smart box 27/6



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★ of pattern, from a multitude of finest Botany and Cheviot pure wool tweeds, made on our own handlooms in sufficiently short lengths to guarantee exclusiveness.

but best of all

made to your own personal measurements, guaranteeing the perfect fit without a fitting.

free

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With every catalogue will be enclosed a gift token Xmas Card to enable you to give your friends a really worthwhile present of Peter Saunders wear, which they can choose themselves and have made to their own measurements. You can ask for more than one card if you like.

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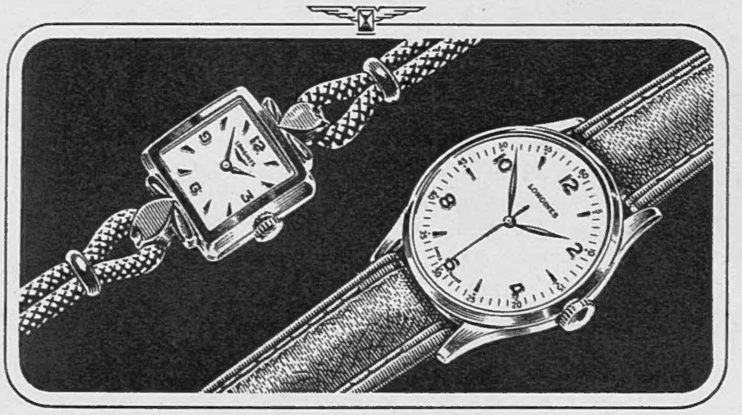

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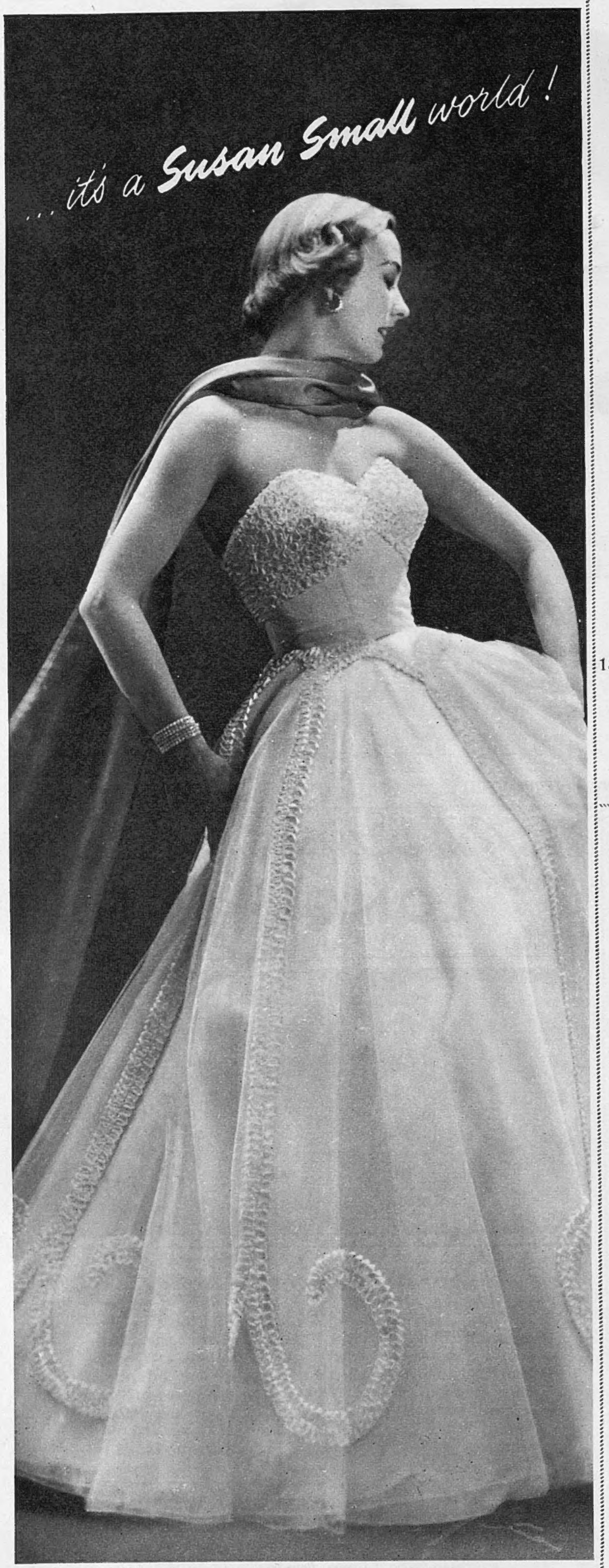

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black lambswool town suit,
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FREDERICK STARKE
designed it—
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Your hair in this
style which style? that
style the other style how
can you tell? let me see your face
style your hair style
your personality

Raymond

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Massager 81/3

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IN LOVE—sophisticated, yet young
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CHARM her with a Stratton Compact this Christmas. Stratton Compacts are the ONLY Compacts fitted with the patented self-opening inner lid.

548/DIAM. Exquisite Stratton Compact with patented Diamontelle insert on White or Black Silk. 3 ins. diameter.

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There is no better way of keeping the hair healthy than regular brushing with a Mason Pearson brush—the brush that *really* brushes.

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And remember, a Mason Pearson improves a permanent wave. Ask at your chemist's, hairdresser's or stores or direct from Mason Pearson Bros., 70 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

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Gifts in great variety and of finest quality

Fine quality French Suede Evening Glove. Trimmed 'Moonlight' shade sequins
£9.9.0 per pair

Washable Lambskin lined Gloves. Hand-sewn. Natural only
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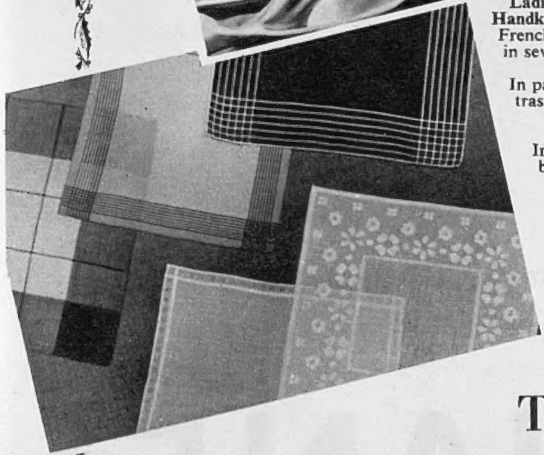

Ladies' Hand-Rolled Coloured Handkerchiefs.
French Lawn check design, shaded in several colourings £4.4.0 doz.

In pastel shades, with deep contrasting satin borders
£3.3.0 doz.

In dark green, grey, red and blue, with contrasting cords
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White centre with cutcord coloured border
£3.12.0 doz.

In pastel shades with floral cutcord design
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Calf Belt narrowing at sides to give a slim waist effect. Many colours £3.3.0

Latest from Paris. Belt with fancy ribbon broche on leather. Many different colourings
Narrow £1.19.6
1¾" as illustrated £3.3.0

Calf belt with saddle stitching. Various colours
£3.5.6

Also a fine selection of Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs and Silk Ties.

GIFT CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

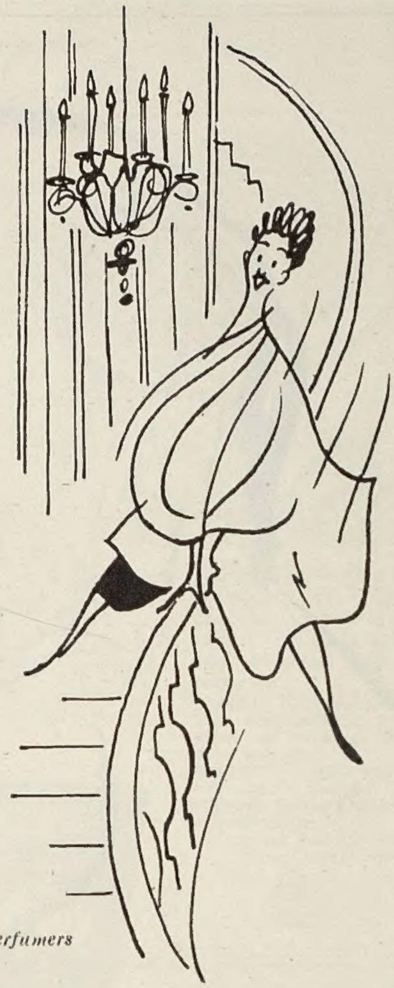
THE WHITE HOUSE

(Linen Specialists) Ltd.

51 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W.1

Telephone: MAYFAIR 5473

Let your hair down . . .



Leave your mind at home and take yourself to 66 Grosvenor Street. Escapist? Ah yes . . . but quite marvellous.

So purposeful here among the gay pink stripes. Fluffy shampoo . . . set? Something new please. Off the forehead sweeping back to here. Dare we have less than the best?

So under the dryer and nothing matters for a brief spell. Somebody—some capable somebody organises things so well. There's nothing to do but relax . . . and now a snack lunch right at one's elbow.

With hair that is quite unreproachable there are—there must be—stars in the eyes as well. The Steiner touch does so much for the ego. Such unusual pleasure for a surprisingly usual price.

By Appointment *Hairdressers and Perfumers*

66 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W.1. MAYFAIR 5245/6/7

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Fully-Fashioned
Nylon Stockings

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PLACES!

Obtainable at all leading STORES

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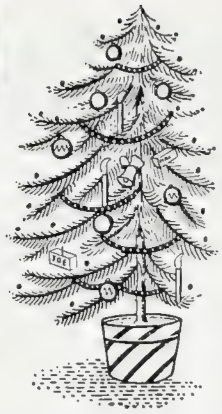
'this is a lovely car'
Zephyr
ZODIAC
THE ZEPHYR ZODIAC—new luxury version of the famous model that won the 1953 Monte Carlo Rally. The Zodiac is for connoisseurs of motoring; it is a leader amongst cars of today, built to deserve the instant admiration it will always command.
DIEU ET MON DROIT
BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD.
Ford
'5-Star' motoring

REVELATION suggests . . .



What more useful, what more original gift for a man or woman than Revelation Luggage? Here is luggage-making at its finest.

Revelation Train case

For cosmetics, overnight necessities, personal papers, passport, etc. In Fawn Fabric, as illustrated, **£4.12.6,** other models from **39/6.**

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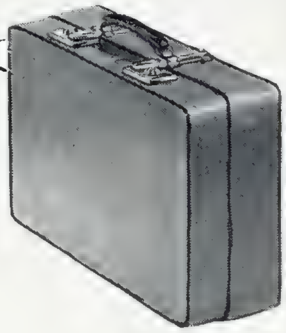
Revelation 'Week-Ender'



A feather-light case to hold all that's needed overnight or for a long week-end. A smaller version of the Revelation suitcase, with its same expansive nature. In Fawn Fabric, as illustrated, **£6.5.0,** other models from **£4.10.6.**

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Rev-Robe for men or women

One model holds up to a dozen dresses *on hangers*. Another, 6 to 8 dresses, plus tray-lid for shoes, undies, etc. No crushing or creasing. In Fawn Fabric, as illustrated, **£10.12.6,** other models from **£5.5.0.** Men's model to take 3 suits on hangers, etc. In Fawn Fabric **£10.12.6,** other models from **£5.5.0.**

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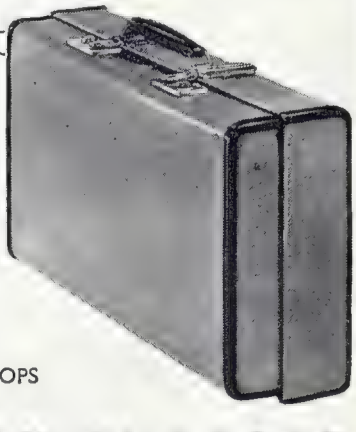
Revelation Suitcase



The most famous suitcase in the world. Four weeks or four days . . . it's all the same to the Revelation. It expands or contracts to take as much or as little as you want. And there's always room for more! In Fawn Fabric, as illustrated, 24″ long **£7.8.6,** other models from **72/6.**

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REVELATION LUGGAGE

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD. 170 PICCADILLY LONDON W.1

Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.

"**Party Pieces**"—Separates in attractive chenille-embossed taffeta. Black only. Very full flared skirt, ballerina length. Waist: 24, 26, 28, 30 ins. **£5.15.6**

Strapless top, bust: 34, 36, 38 ins. **39/11**

Top also in plain black or white taffeta. **29/6**

Necklet of two rows imitation pearls separated with paste bars. In grey, cream, pink; or pink/grey, cream/grey **97/6**

Bracelet **63/-** *Inland orders post free.*

Separates: Fourth Floor. Jewellery: Ground Floor.

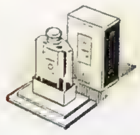
Swan & Edgar

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Regent 1616

4 ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Give Cussons toilet luxuries *in party dress !*

A wealth of Christmas ideas for men, women and children— all in gay presentation packs at no extra charge

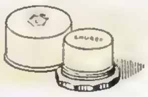


FOR HER

Attractive gift boxes containing differing selections of her favourite soap, talcum powder and bath cubes. From 6/6d to 4/3d. Bath crystals in attractive tulip bottle, 3 perfumes, 4/3d. Various decorated boxes of soap ranging from generous 3 tablet boxes of bath soap at 4/6 to miniature tablets at 3/6d for a box of 6. Imperial Leather perfume in gift caskets, 4/-.

FOR FUN and the little ones

A fascinating choice of gaily coloured soap novelties including Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, Pluto, Bambi, Thumper, Archie Andrews, Gainsborough Lady and Chummy Spaniel dog, at prices from 6/- to 2/10d.



FOR HIM

Decorated gift boxes containing various selections of brilliantine and shaving luxuries, including the famous Chubby shaving stick, Imperial Leather after shave lotion and after shave talc, etc. Prices from 11/- to 2/9d. Individual shaving luxuries and brilliantine, each in attractively decorated pack from 5/- to 1/7d.

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The stockings you hear talked

about as you go

around

are likely to be . . .

Berkshire *nylons*

MADE FOR YOU IN BRITAIN BY AMERICA'S GREATEST MANUFACTURER OF NYLON STOCKINGS

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1953

Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.

"THE BIRD"

Fair-haired, grey-eyed Elizabeth Frink is pictured here with the bronze replica of her powerful and striking sculpture, *The Bird*, which was recently bought by the Tate Gallery. An identical bronze replica of the plaster original was also bought by the Arts Council. At twenty-two, this remarkably talented young woman who teaches sculpture at two London art schools is frankly delighted with her success. Her work shown publicly includes *A Man With a Bird*, one of the prize-winning entries in the competition, *The Unknown Political Prisoner*, last March, and an exhibition of sculptures and drawings—which included *The Bird*—at the Beaux Arts Gallery in Bruton Place last year. One of her latest sculptures, *The Cat*, is in the London Group exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries, which opened on October 30th.

C

BOYS RUNNING AWAY FROM A POLICEMAN : By Edward Ardizzone.
(From the Autumn Exhibition by the R.W.S. at their Galleries in Conduit Street.)

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

SOME years ago, I remember debating at a working men's club in the Isle of Dogs with, among others, the late Lord Esher, the subject being a light-hearted one to do with the United States. Lord Esher took an unusual line. " What I dislike about Americans," he said, " is the fact that they are so hospitable." I did not then really understand what he meant. I think I do now. Never, in the few days we have been in New York, could so many kind and friendly people have pressed so much kind and friendly hospitality on us. It all started with our arrival in New York. I had often read of the reception which a ship on her maiden voyage received, but reality far exceeded anticipation. There was a perpetual hooting of sirens, the traditional fire-floats playing their hoses, police and navy helicopters joining the escort of tugs and police launches—a heart-warming prelude to a heart-warming visit. On the dockside there were friends awaiting us, two of whom had flown from Washington just in order to take us out to dinner—a typical piece of American hospitality.

Shipboard acquaintances are chancy affairs. I can seldom, however, recall a pleasanter group of people than we had with us on the outward voyage of the *Olympia*. There was General Sir Ronald Scobie, who commanded the British troops in Greece at the end of the war, and during the Communist revolution.

Sir Winston Churchill, in his book about World War I., said of Jellicoe, at Jutland, that he was " the only man who could have lost the war in an afternoon." Of General Scobie, with equal truth it can be said that, but for his firmness and decisiveness in handling his small body of British troops, Greece would have been behind the Iron Curtain.

A remarkably high proportion of the small number of first-class passengers served in Greece in the last war. Two at least were parachuted in, including Christopher Woodhouse, of whom Sir Winston Churchill has so high an opinion, while Lord Keyes was in command of naval craft, making " cloak and dagger " landings in the Adriatic. This was a fitting rôle for Roger Keyes, the son of a famous father, who was the real begetter of Combined Operations. Roger's book on King Leopold of the Belgians, which will be out in a few months' time, is likely to cause a stir on both sides of the Channel. Like his father, he is an ardent supporter of King Leopold, and a mass of new material which has come to light should put the attitude and the actions of that much-maligned monarch in proper perspective. Some people, however, as I say, both in Belgium and in this country, are not going to be best pleased with the revelations which emerge from the new documents.

IN the unlikely event of anything happening to Captain Polemis, the Master—he had made two hundred crossings of the Atlantic in command of ships, and claims " to know the way "—Roger would have been in a position to take over, as he holds a Master's Certificate. Most naval officers of the rank of lieutenant upwards are entitled to a Master's Certificate, but few realise it, and fewer still pay the small fee, and make the necessary application.

On this trip, Roger had one great success. A tourist passenger found his way into the first-class bar late at night and fell into conversation. When it came out that he was talking to a real live peer, the visitor insisted on shaking his hand over and over again, remarking that he never expected to have the honour of shaking hands with a Lord, adding : " And you 're quite all right. You look just like anyone else." I don't know whether Roger's admirer expected him to wear a coronet, and ermine

next to the skin! It reminds me of that delicious passage in *The Young Visiters* about the Royal Levée at St. James's Palace, to which Mr. Salteena was commanded, and where he saw "the Prince of Wales eating ices in a small but costly crown."

Perhaps the greatest success of the voyage, however, went to two of the four charming Hartnell models who are showing £30,000 worth of Hartnell dresses in New York. Fancy dress dances are always a test of ingenuity—especially if they are unexpected. Patti Morgan and June Oakes appeared as a couple of flappers of the 1920's, effecting this by pulling up valuable skirts until their hemline was well above the knee, wearing scarves to indicate those impossible low waist lines, and with bandeaux *à la* Suzanne Lenglen round their brows. If any talent scout for a theatrical impresario had been aboard he could have bought himself a ready-made first-class act. Roger Keyes, incidentally, in a sort of tented effect, made up of plastic curtains from his shower and topped by Lady Keyes' bath cap, made a remarkably fine jelly-fish.

ANOTHER success of the voyage was Burl Ives, the American folk singer. I must confess that he meant little in my life until he came aboard, and I am generally, as I say, allergic to anything folksy, associating it with future curates earnestly dancing *Shepherds' Hay* in white flannel trousers, odd braces, ribbons and bells below the knees, in villages within easy reach of Oxford. Burl, however, is quite a different kettle of fish. I shall long remember the charming recitals he gave, particularly the one for the children, who must, I think, now have a clear picture of Father Christmas as being twenty-three stone of bearded geniality. The private recitals were no less remarkable—though in a different way. And remind me some time to tell you the story of W. C. Fields and Daryl F. Zanuck, of which the pay-off line is: "Give him an evasive answer!"

There were over two hundred children on board, and I found myself involved as a temporary "uncle" at the inevitable children's party. Someone committed the tactical error of dishing out the hooters and whistles at an early stage in the proceedings. It ensured the success of the party for the children. I am hoping to recover my full powers of hearing in due course.

BUSHY : by Hargrave

"IT ONLY NEEDS A NEW GLOW-WORM."

RECENTLY I referred to a foreign servant who had decided to leave us, objecting principally to the payment of income tax. I regret to have to record that the lady is now in durance vile. When she came to us as a nannie, we decided that we had found a "treasure." How comforting, we said to ourselves while we were on holiday, to feel that that simple, honest, German peasant woman—so reliable—is at home looking after our infant. When we returned, I was a little shaken to discover that she, and three or four other German friends, had had a carouse in our drawing-room, but I felt that their punishment must have been, in the nature of things, adequate. Between them they succeeded in drinking one bottle of Cointreau, one large bottle of anis, half a bottle of liqueur brandy, some whisky, some sherry and a bottle of gin. The imagination boggles, and the head reels, at the thought of the hangover which that little lot must have engendered.

It transpired later that our "treasure" had quietly been packing up the contents of our linen and store cupboards, and sending them off, together with any silver which was not in daily use, to her family in Germany. She also disposed of several hundred pounds' worth of jewellery to a jeweller, who gave her £2 and a man's watch in return. To add to her achievements, it transpires that she was in the habit of leaving the seven-month-old infant alone in the house for some hours at a time of an evening, and fed him gin to ensure amiability of temper. Indeed, we now have a theory that his bouts of ill temper are due, not so much to emergent teeth as to the normal disgruntlement of any O'Brien at being put on the water waggon. So that was the end of our "treasure." Like Mary of the Ruthless Rhymes, who had a little crocodile which ate a child a day—"interfering people came and took our pet away."

I FEAR that this is not the first time I have suffered depredations. Looking back over the post-war years, there was Gladys who stole money, old Mrs. B. who stole drink—for consumption on and off the premises, and who brought off the awe-inspiring feat of drinking the best part of a bottle of gin by 9.30 a.m.! There was the nannie who specialised in nylon stockings, and that other nannie who was pretty strong on ration books.

Then there was my chum who forged my signature. I must confess to having been a little put out by that one. He was an old friend whose weakness, it transpired, was writing words and figures on bits of paper with a twopenny stamp on them—without ensuring that there were funds in his bank to meet them, or indeed that he had ever had an account at the bank on which he was drawing the cheque. All this came to a head eventually, and some narrow-minded constables put the finger on him. I had not seen him for some time when this happened, and met him while he was awaiting the hearing of his appeal. Foolish O'Brien gave him house room, pocket money and finally found himself paying for the costs of the defence, including the hiring of trick-cyclists. I was not a little distressed when all this proved unavailing, and he went to enjoy His Majesty's hospitality for a month. I was less distressed when, the following day, my bank rang up. It transpired that this grateful character, while enjoying my hospitality, had taken the last cheque, counterfoil and all, out of two cheque books, forged my signature, and cashed them with the only other person who had befriended him.

However, later I felt that I could be forgiven for having been deceived. Apparently, during the war (after he was cashiered from the R.A.F. for the second time—in itself quite an achievement), his habit of incautious cheque-writing had landed him in the dock for the first time. He asked for sixty-seven other cases to be taken into consideration, and admitted that he had not had a banking account for a year. However, he got away with it on this occasion, and was bound over for a year, on condition that he went to certain digs, worked in a certain factory, and gave a proportion of his earnings to the probation officer, who was in court, and who had heard him admit to having no banking account. He never went to the digs, nor to the factory. Needless to say, he paid nothing to the probation officer—nor did he need to—because within a fortnight he had bounced a cheque for £20 on the probation officer. Some salesman!

I AM indebted to the F.B.I. Chief Inspector, who was in charge of the immigration formalities in New York, for an addition to my store of shaggy dog stories. A man came to a theatrical impresario, and claimed that he could fly. Sure enough, with ease and elegance he flew all over the theatre, up into the gallery, round the stalls, past the proscenium. He landed, and looked hopefully at the impresario. "Yeah," said that gentleman, "but cain't you do nuttin' else besides imitate a boid?"

D

Hampton Court, the fine fifteenth-century fortified mansion at Leominster, in Herefordshire, was floodlit during the four-day celebrations. Lord Hereford, who also owns more than 10,000 acres in Wales and a family seat, Tregoyd, at Breconshire, recently took up residence again at Hampton Court with his mother and sister.

Viscount Hereford with his mother, Mrs. Robert Devereux, and his sister, Miss Bridget Devereux. Lord Hereford, who inherited from his grandfather, is the eighteenth Viscount and Premier Viscount of England, and the fifteenth Baronet.

Viscount Hereford Comes of Age

A grand ball for 400 guests at Hampton Court, Leominster, marked the end of the four-day coming-of-age celebrations of Viscount Hereford, which began with a Hunt breakfast on November 3rd, the eve of his birthday. Festivities included a meet of the North Hereford Hounds on his birthday, and a shooting party on the day after the ball. There was also a lunch party for 150 tenants and employees in a marquee in the courtyard at Hampton Court, and fireworks and refreshments for tenants and employees in the villages of Bodenham and Hope-under-Didmore.

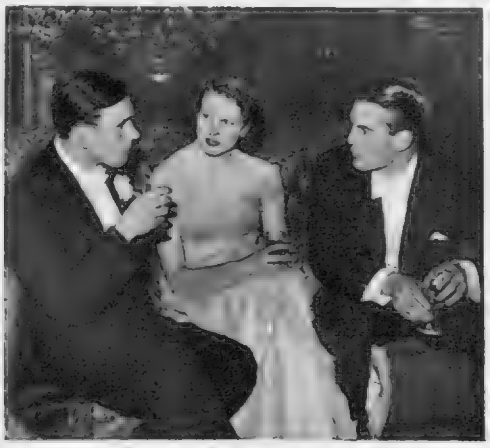
Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by A. V. Swaebe.

Two guests chatting together between dances were Lady Jane Waldegrave and Mr. Euan Howard.

Mrs. Edmund Ironside spreads the skirt of her lovely gown as she and her husband relax with a drink in a quiet corner away from the dancing.

Miss Mariette Salisbury-Jones dances with Sir James Cayzer as Miss Rosemary Villiers and Mr. Richard Long take the floor to join them.

Traditionally the best spot: Miss Juliet Rodd and Mr. G. Halley sitting-out on the stairs.



Deep in conversation here are Mr. Richard Rhodes, Miss Anne Hohler and Mr. David Winsloe.

Earl Bathurst laughs appreciatively as Miss Caroline Acton tells him an amusing story.

Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan and Mr. Martin Romilly seem to find being photographed a great joke.

Viscount Stormont watches with amusement as Miss Caroline Clive spreads her lovely fan.

The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Cayzer, whose recent portrait by Richard Marientreu was reproduced in our last issue, was at the ball with her husband.

Sharing a joke together here are Lady Maria Coventry and her fiancé, Mr. Richard Lewes.

Two guests deep in conversation here are Miss Marian Manningham-Buller and Mr. David Nall-Cain.

Some Gift-Books for Christmas

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

AT this season, five or six weeks before Christmas, books begin to multiply and burst their barriers, and we start calling them gift-books. The best kind for us to give our grown-up contemporaries are those eminently quotable books, convivial books, get-together oh-but-didn't-you-love-*that*-bit books; and I have starred three of them: *Back-room Joys, Thurber Country* and *Blue Trout and Black Truffles* to cater for these needs; the latter, in fact, is mostly catering of the most delectable nature, with a little travel thrown in, and more than a little tempting bottle-talk to decoy us. It is somewhat disconcerting to find, however, that the subtle joy conjured up in what we think to be our most ironic, sophisticated selves may still contain a mischievous element of return-to-childhood, as, for instance, in Justin Richardson's *Back-room Joys*, my A.1 copper-bottom choice; for look at some of their provocative titles: "Deciding to Get Dirty"; "New String"; "Being Destructive"; "Sealing Wax"; "Rubber Stamps"; and "Eating Things in the Street." I made a list of the ninety-three most enjoyable (out of ninety-seven), and had I more space, could quote them till the cows come home.

Large, flattish books with bright, alluring covers usually mean we are among the under-sevens; nevertheless they frequently provide surreptitious delight to adults, too, though read with an off-hand air of seeing whether they will be "suitable" for David or Jennifer or Anne. Graham Greene must have taken up residence a long way from the living-room while he wrote *The Little Steam Roller*, where the name-part is a distinct character, full of resource and initiative, and admirably equipped to expose and confront a dastardly gang of smugglers. If only the story could have left more room for its simple, vivid illustrations; if only its illustrations could have left more room for the dashing story!—I suppose the wish must mean that they are attractive in equal parts. My other special preference in this department is *Miss Anna Truly*, by V. H. Drummond; also excellent nonsense which reads like sober good sense, in the same way that the conversations and predicaments of Alice, whether in Wonderland or through the Looking-glass, are always accepted by the author, and therefore by ourselves, as eminently sensible; books about nonsense should *never* be written in a nonsensical way. The story of Miss Anna Truly and her friend Jon Purse begins, as most arguments and most wars begin, over a bit of no-man's-land between their fathers' farms. . . . "There is only one way to settle an argument like this," Mrs. Truly pronounces, looking grave and wise, "and that is to go and see the King and ask him." So they send Anna. On her way to the Palace she picks up a Rich Man, a Station Master, a Taximan and a Policeman; they picnic on the pavement of Albemarle Street—and a very good place for it too; then they are all invited to don animal heads for a Masked Ball at the Palace; and finally the King and Queen, amiable and matter-of-fact people, settle the dispute without any difficulty, that being what Majesties are for.

By that mysterious process which nobody can analyse, Babar the Elephant has become a classic like Felix the Cat, Ferdinand the Bull, Mickey (the) Mouse and Muffin the Mule.

BOOKS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE

★

For Adults

BACK-ROOM JOYS. By Justin Richardson. (*The Harvill Press; 7s. 6d.*)

THURBER COUNTRY. By James Thurber. (*Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.*)

BLUE TROUT AND BLACK TRUFFLES. By Joseph Wechsberg. (*Gollancz; 16s.*)

For Children

THE LITTLE STEAM ROLLER. By Graham Greene. (*Max Parrish; 7s. 6d.*)

MISS ANNA TRULY. By V. H. Drummond. (*Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.*)

BABAR THE KING and BABAR'S TRAVELS. By Jean de Brunhoff. (*Methuen; 6s. each.*)

LUCIA COMES TO SCHOOL. By Mabel Esther Allan. (*Hutchinson; 6s.*)

BLACK MARIGOLDS. By Gillian Bell. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

CAPTAIN APPLE'S GHOST. By Evelyn Sibley Lampman. (*Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.*)

DOG TOBY (A FRONTIER TALE). By Richard Church. (*Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.*)

LITTLE FRIEND; A CHRISTMAS STORY. By William Joyce Cowen. (*Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.*)

★

ALSO RECOMMENDED

AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS. By Gian-Carlo Menotti. (*Andrew Dakers; 10s. 6d.*)

HAPPY CHRISTMAS. By Daphne du Maurier. (*George G. Harrap; 2s. 6d.*)

ODDS BODLIKINS. By Paul Jennings. (*Max Reinhardt; 9s. 6d.*)

THE HOUSE THAT NINO BUILT. By Giovanni Guareschi. (*Gollancz; 10s. 6d.*)

So two of the Babar books, old friends in a handsome new array, will be warmly welcomed by multitudinous Babarians.

For readers roughly between eight and fourteen, my Favourite Five drawn out of the tumble of this year's Christmas books are *Lucia Comes to School, Black Marigolds, Captain Apple's Ghost, Dog Toby (a Frontier Tale)* and *Little Friend*. When I was a child, we were given quantities of stories about going to boarding-school for the first time, with fascinating, frightening experiences bearing even then no relation to our own more prosaic schools. Lucia, a little half-Italian girl with a Yorkshire father, but brought up in Italy, forms her ideas of the English school where she will be sent one day, from just this type of old-fashioned tale: Sara and the Secret Six, The Juniors of Marley, The Bravest Girl in the Fourth, The Naughtiest Girl in the Third, The Mysterious New Girl. . . . "New girls are always miserable at first. But it isn't so bad for them if they 're adventurous, and take lots of tuck, and organise a midnight supper. I 'll have to see about that." So when she goes to Arndale Hall, she is more surprised than we at finding that everything nowadays is quite different and a good deal less mouldy for all concerned.

Black Marigolds is actually written by a schoolgirl of sixteen who, we learn from the blurb, "had grown tired of reading bad books about good children." It has a queer, unusual theme; a family of live boys and girls home for the holidays, and the eldest, Mary, delirious after concussion, caught into a nightmare in which she is no longer Mary, but Cynara, one of a cunning, squalid, cheating, revengeful gypsy family. So strong is the sort of brilliant horror which the juvenile author has been able to get across, that we draw a long breath of relief when Mary at last wakes up in the normal pleasant world of her own home. *Captain Apple's Ghost*, on the other hand and in spite of its title, is completely *un*terrifying. For Captain Apple is not the conventional sort of ghost who moans or clanks chains or carries his head tucked under his arm. On the contrary, he was peacefully asleep on a high fleecy cloud till wakened by Vickey's frantic appeal: "Oh, please! Please! somebody help us. We 've just got to have help!" When he had, so to speak, found his sea-legs on firm earth, he developed a highly original technique in ghosts which enabled him to attend efficiently to the plight of the city children about to be evicted from their free enjoyment of his old home and garden.

Dog Toby (a Frontier Tale) by Richard Church, is as beautifully written as may be imagined from the author's name. And the Frontier is real, making one of those perplexing new divisions in the old map of Europe. In consequence, the two Brown children, Maria and Jan, following their forlorn young friend Fritz Smith into a railway tunnel in chase of Fritz's beloved dog Toby, are involved in a series of such hair-breadth adventures that we could sob with relief when they finally return into safety and daylight, hobnobbing with their late enemies, reason and laughter and humour and good fellowship breaking through the dark:

"No more suspicions; no more rumours; no more blocked tunnels; no more barbed wire! Let the Transcontinental run; let the children wander over the hills where their fathers used to wander when *they* were children!"

And the same "underneath meaning," though never obtrusive, informs every line of *Little Friend*, a truly enchanting story of Paulette, who with her well-loved young stepmother was driven by the Occupation from their own prosperous farm in Normandy to one room in an overcrowded house in the Co-operative section of a strange town. Paulette has exquisite manners and a capacity for adapting herself to broken circumstances, swiftly responsive to whatever fun may come her way, yet with a grave sense of responsibility for any promises she happens to make, especially to the Holy Infant, missing on Christmas Eve from the Crèche of the Convent where Paulette goes to school. The book ends with an exciting procession through the town, with all the characters spontaneously flocking behind Paulette as she triumphantly carries her "sweet little boy Jesus" back to the chapel where He belongs. . . .

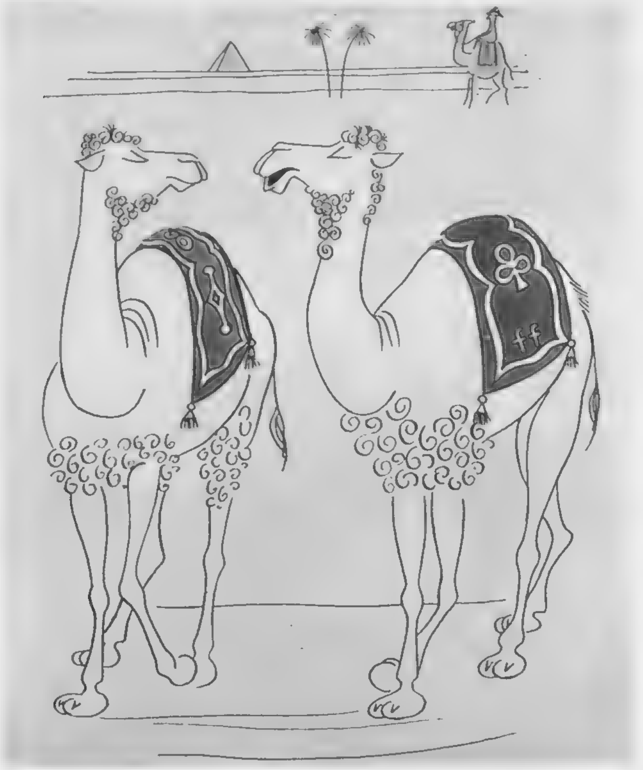
Adeste Fidelis—and why not? For the sub-title of *Little Friend* is "A Christmas Story," though I am sure it could be read with as much absorption while stewing in the problematic sunshine of an English June.

"INNOCENT PURSUITS."

This is one of the many delightful illustrations by Roly of the amusing little book, *Innocent Pursuits*, by Major C. S. Jarvis (*John Murray*; 12*s*. 6*d*.), the well-known writer on rural sports and pastimes.

"WALTON'S DELIGHT."

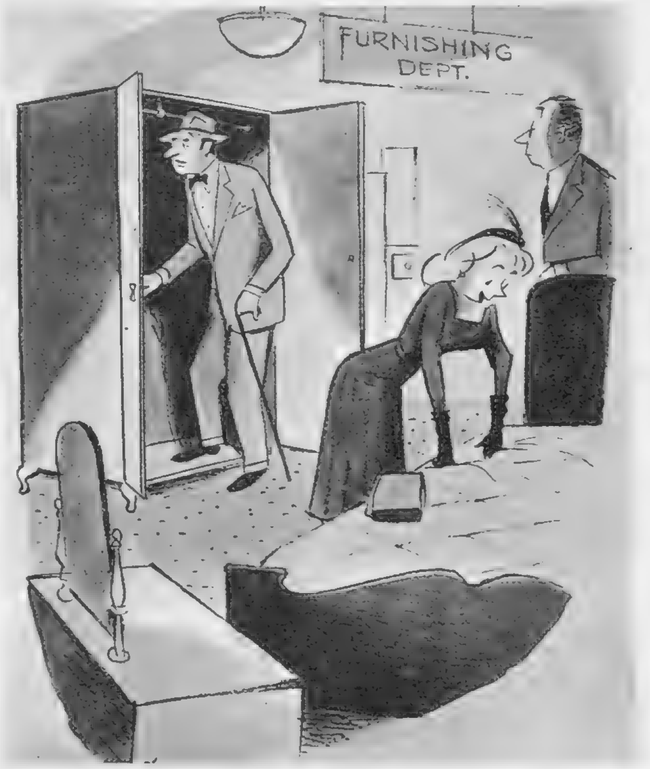
H. M. Bateman has illustrated George Brennand's new little book, *Walton's Delight*, which is bound to be popular with fishing experts and amateurs alike. (*Michael Joseph*; 12*s*. 6*d*.)



"Well, for that matter, you *look haughty, overbearing and superior."*

"FFANFARE."

One of the excellent illustrations by Michael ffolkes to his volume of humorous drawings, *ffanfare*. (*Faber and Faber*; 10*s*. 6*d*.)



"No, he isn't my husband. He's just a friend of the family."

"STARKE AND UNASHAMED."

One of the humorous drawings from the first of Leslie Starke's work in book form, *Starke and Unashamed*. (*Max Reinhardt*; 7*s*. 6*d*.)

LAUGHTER IN BOOK FORM

Left: MOSQUITOES RAID THE PRISON AT AMIENS. (Lent by Air Officer Commanding, R.A.F., Cranwell.) *Above:* SQUADRON-LEADER IAN McRITCHIE, D.F.C. (One of the three Squadron-Leaders who took part in this famous raid. Not for sale.)

OVER THE MONT CENIS PASS. (Lent by S. M. Lawry, Esq.)

START OF THE WORLD'S FIRST JET AIRLINER SERVICE. (200 gns.)

The Art of Roy Nockolds

ROY NOCKOLDS

First impressions are lasting impressions, and Roy Nockolds' first impression of Brooklands, where he was taken during the "twenties" when he was in his early teens, was such that it filled him with a determination to place on record the speed and force and excitement that is motor-racing. His work met with success from the first, and now, at the age of forty-two, he has gained a high place in this specialised field. In fine action studies, he has painted—with their cars—most of the famous of the motoring world, and his recent exhibition, at the Kensington Art Gallery, included pictures of Reg Parnell, Sir Henry Birkin, the Appleyards, Gatsonides, Jean-Pierre Wimille, Parry Thomas, Fangio, Tommy Wisdom and many others.

Because his flying, landscape and abstract works are probably less well-known, we have deliberately selected for reproduction paintings in these three groups. With his predilection for speed, it was not surprising that he quickly made aeroplanes his second specialised subject : his success can be gauged by the flying studies shown on these pages. For the first, which depicts the low-precision bombing raid by Mosquitoes during the war on the prison at Amiens, in a successful attempt to free the members of the French Resistance who were awaiting death there, Mr. Nockolds worked from an actual scale model of the prison and its environs. His impression of the start of the world's first jet airliner service shows the Comet G-ALYP taking off from Runway 10 (R) at London Airport on May 2nd, 1952.

The picture *Homing at Dawn* is a fine study of a Wellington bomber against the green sky of a typical summer daybreak, high above the clouds. Landscapes such as his *October Ploughing* and *Carmel Court*—which has been exhibited at the Royal Academy—give a further indication of his versatility. It only remains to add what the excellence of his work would never suggest : Roy Nockolds' art is entirely self-taught—he has literally "never had a lesson in his life."

Above : OCTOBER PLOUGHING (75 gns.), and *right :* CARMEL COURT (not for sale). These two landscapes, so sharply in contrast to the racing and flying works for which the artist is justly renowned, give some idea of the ease with which he can tackle any subject which interests him.

"NUB 120."—Ian and Mrs. Appleyard descending the Gross Glockner in the Alpine Rally this year. Later, they received the Alpine Gold Cup as the only contestants to compete for three consecutive years without loss of points. (Not for sale.)

HOMING AT DAWN. (Print lent by Frost and Reed, Ltd.)

THE ROLL (50 gns.)—Mr. Nockolds is developing a distinctive style in his abstracts : this is an example of his attempt to translate his impression of "speed, sound and sight" in terms of colour and design.

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

SIR IAN JACOB : For airing his "views" on Television.

It is generally agreed—even among its most fervent admirers—that Television is the greatest time-waster invented by man. But it has been left to Sir Ian Jacob, Director-General of the B.B.C., to summarise this point in a recent speech in which he remarked : "T.V. isn't like radio. People watch the damn thing every evening."

YVONNE FURNEAUX : For trusting her own judgment.

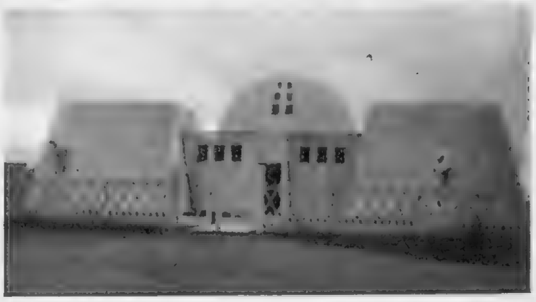
Lovely young actress Yvonne Furneaux has played some excellent film rôles—notably opposite Errol Flynn in *The Master of Ballantrae*, and as Jenny with Laurence Olivier in *The Beggar's Opera*. But she has temporarily—and at a great financial sacrifice—joined the Hornchurch repertory company, The Queen's Players, because she feels "the experience will be invaluable."

SIR THOMAS DUGDALE : For not letting his right hand know what his left hand is doing.

In Bough Beech, West Kent, a virus disease called Myxomatosis has been killing rabbits at a great rate. But now the Ministry of Agriculture—who spend much time and money on devising means of exterminating the rabbit pest themselves—have stepped in : they are wiring-in, at great expense, the affected area. Why ? To stop the disease from spreading !

MARILYN MONROE : For the most ingenuous statement of the year—by a film-star.

In a recent interview with Logan Gourlay of the *Sunday Express*, Marilyn Monroe, the blonde bombshell of Hollywood, remarked in a bewildered tone : "If a director asks me to convey nothing but sex-appeal in a scene, I don't know what to do exactly."



HITCH-HIKER ERIC NORRIS : For an astonishing round trip (free).

Eric Norris has now outdone his own notable achievements in the art (or craft ?) of getting places for nothing. He has actually hitch-hiked his way to Iceland, where he went sightseeing by pony, saw a fantastic house and visited a geyser which was about to erupt (all illustrated above). "And I stood inside the belly of a dead whale, visited a leper colony, went to two funerals and a Scandinavian Temperance Conference."

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

ONE OF THE LOVELY MODELS . . .

. . . whom the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret will see at the fashion show by London's top ten couturiers at the Hampstead home of Lady Clark, wife of the Arts Council of Great Britain's chairman, Sir Kenneth Clark, to-morrow (November 19th). She is Miss Margaret Gibson, who has been described as "the girl with the loveliest figure in London." Her ambition is to be a singer : she has a rich contralto voice and has been studying at the Royal College of Music for three years, meanwhile making her living at modelling. Her life is fairly full these days—she recently became engaged to Jan Lensky, the young Czechoslovakian violinist.

The radiant spirit of France is reflected in the Arc de Triomphe.

CANDID COMMENTARIES: By CREDENDUS

Paris by Day

Sketches by the Author

SITTING in a sidewalk café in the *quartier* of St. Germain-des-Prés, I thought that to enjoy life in London after Paris would be like trying to make champagne out of beer dregs. In Paris a man finds himself in a way that can be disconcerting, for the individual is allowed to develop with scant regard for convention. It is dangerous to generalise, for no city is the same to two people. I find Milan like Birmingham, Florence insipid, and Rome heavy with oppressive age; but Paris, ageless as the Venus de Milo, has the grace of a beautiful woman.

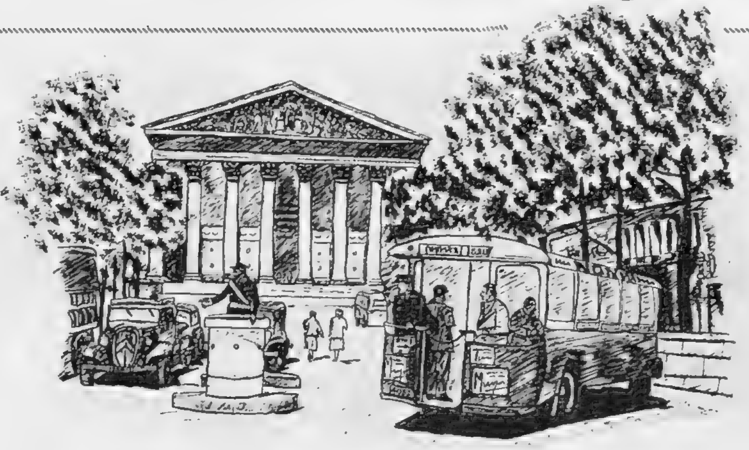
I never tire of the variety of Parisian life. Walking along the gas-lit *quais* on the tree-studded island retreat of Ile St. Louis, I was in the heart of Paris, yet I might have been in a French village. Here was a study in contrasts. A massive chrome-bright Cadillac has little in common with a horse-drawn cart, yet both are at home on this isolated islet by the Seine. Shop-gaze along the Rue St. Louis-en-l'Ile and you could be in the France of the seventeenth century. I trod the cobble-stoned streets of the neighbouring island, Ile de la Cité, walked in the gardens of Notre Dame and watched the loaded barges coming down the Seine from Holland. The flying buttresses of the graceful stone fabric of Our Lady dwarfed into insignificance the playing children and the fishermen by the water's edge. The bookstalls on the Left Bank were doing a brisk trade.

I thought of the fountain and boulevard of the Place St. Michel, so lovingly coupled with the Latin Quarter and patronised by moon-eyed students. Impressive was the glimpse from the Pont des Arts of Notre Dame, maternally dominating the twisted houses nestling about her, not forgetting the inevitable pedlar working the area with postcards of classic views of Paris. In the shadow of the cathedral I found markets that revived the village atmosphere, endless booths and stalls offering everything from rusty keys to false hair.

Entirely different was the atmosphere of the huge square of the Place de la Concorde, heavy with monumental history. I looked on it as the Place de la Révolution, where the guillotine claimed not only Louis XIV. and Marie Antoinette, but Robespierre and St. Just. I listened to plashing fountains, among the most beautiful in the world, flanked by magnificent buildings. Even now I can visualise Sacré Cœur, isolated on the knoll of Montmartre, the colonnaded National Assembly, the rich dome of Napoleon's tomb, the graceful Madeleine, the dignity of the Arc de Triomphe, and the sophisticated serenity of Champs Elysées.

A Parisian bar attracts every type and nationality.

A guardian gargoyle of Notre Dame looks down on the Pont St. Michel.



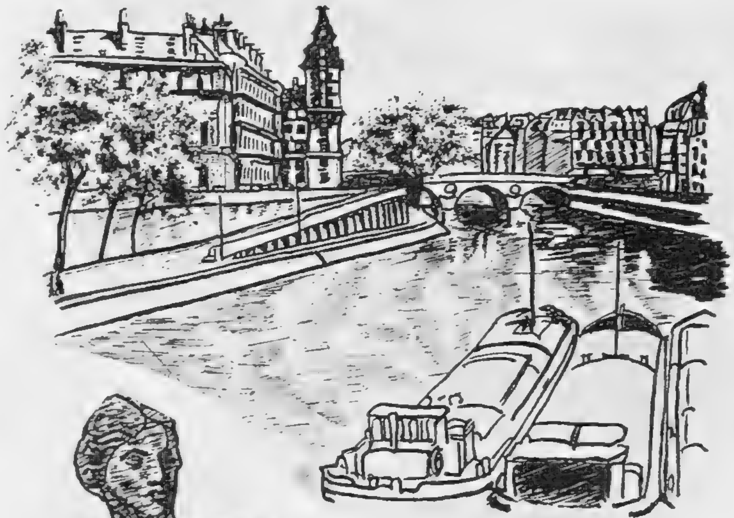
The surge of traffic in Rue Royale and Rue St. Honoré, near Madeleine.

Nothing had changed. There were still the featureless ladies with French poodles on leads, probably from the sidewalks by the Opera or the narrow rue Caumartin. Tradition has it that women come to Paris to get dressed. From casual observation the reverse seemed nearer the mark. I searched in vain for the New Look. No doubt Christian Dior is a boon to women, but he must be a headache to husbands, and the same goes for Jacques Fath and Pierre Balmain. But whether tastes are French, or Italian like Schiaparelli, Spanish like Balenciaga, Swiss like Piguet, or English like Hartnell, women seem to have one ambition . . . to look like a fashion-plate in a glossy magazine. In Paris a remarkable number succeed.

Politically Paris is constitutionally irresponsible. Let three Frenchmen meet and they try to form a political party. One thing is certain. The spectre of Communism is dreaded. Temporarily its power has waned, but it is still an organised force to be feared. Equally significant is the eclipse of General de Gaulle as a national figure. Next to sex and politics, the usual topic of conversation is food, which is hardly surprising considering that last year 8000 restaurants were listed in Paris. Eating in Paris is a voyage of discovery. You can always get what you want provided you can pay for it.

Never have I known such a place as Paris for "isms." I came into contact with naturalism and cubism, impressionism and post-impressionism, dadaism and lettrism, abstractionism and epiphanism . . . the effect was a nightmare of surrealism on an oasis peopled by Dolorists, Intimists and Existentialists. Under the veneer of charm, the Frenchman is a bundle of contradictions . . . sophisticated, primitive and complicated. Scratch the surface of a *boulevardier* and you find either a disillusioned artist or a pseudo-intellectual. He is always threatening to be a philosopher with anarchic tendencies, but is invariably content to be a connoisseur of beauty. The attitude is understandable, for there is about the French world of Paris an inner artistic beauty that feeds such an illusion.

Next issue: "Paris by Night"



Quay-bound barges by the Palais de Justice.

Ancient and Modern—Venus de Milo and her latest admirer.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Belgrave Square and Old Bailey

The Sleeping Prince
(*Phœnix*)

ONE of my favourite observations in Daisy Ashford's masterpiece, *The Young Visiters*, is the simple passage: "You could hardly moove in the gay throng. Dukes were as nought as there were a good lot of princes and Arch Dukes as it was a very superier levie indeed." When I looked at the programme of Terence Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince*, with its King, its Grand Duke, its Grand Duchess, and the rest, I felt that dear Mr. Salteena ought to have been present, "purspiring rather hard." But, as it happens, we remain in the Royal Suite of the Carpathian Legation in Belgrave Square. All sorts of things go on in the world outside—a Coronation in the Abbey (the year is 1911), the beginnings of an insurrection in Carpathia, unprecedented scenes at a Foreign Office ball—but we keep firmly to the charming Legation suite, and learn in it what exactly happens when Ruritania comes to London.

Not Ruritania, you say, but Carpathia. Very well: I am sure that the states are close neighbours. We have to sympathise with the toiling Prince Regent who, besides representing his country and doing his diplomatic best, has to keep an eye on matters both in Carpathia and in his own domestic circles. It is the more difficult (the Regent might say) when you have for your son a rebellious young King, still a minor; and also when, having chosen—according to immemorial custom—a pleasant young musical-comedy actress as a supper guest, she persistently flicks a spanner into the works.

Presumably, we ought to sympathise with the young woman as well. Our concern there is wasted. Miss "Elaine Dagenham"—that is her stage name—an American acting at the Gaiety and domiciled in Britain, can look after herself with some skill. True, she drifts, an anxious lily, about the Royal Suite. Never mind: all is safe. We know that Miss Dagenham will come through; and we can be quite sure that she will melt the glacier, awaken the sleeping Prince, stir into humanity the humourlessly correct Regent. Vivien Leigh acts her now with a most happy ease—it is a kind of magnified Donlan part—and I shall remember her look of politely uncomprehending woe when the Grand Duchess addresses her on the subject of *King Lear* and murmurs: "Quite a delightful little play!" much as one might pat a lap-dog. This Grand Duchess, who can be both diplomatically deaf and capriciously inconsequential, is made for an actress of Martita Hunt's technique—listen to her phrasing—and it is a comfort to have her back in a rewarding part.

The Prince Regent is, happily, Sir Laurence Olivier. Let me say, very simply, that the part is neither Hamlet nor Henry the Fifth. It is a light comedy creation in a play that Mr. Rattigan calls "an occasional fairy tale." It follows that the play must be considered as an "occasional fairy tale," as a piece of light comedy. The acting must be in tune. Sir Laurence never jars for a second. His Prince Regent is more subtly composed than a comedian's tap-it-along performance: he lavishes upon the man all his intricate skill, and the result, for students of acting, is a joy. Then let us say so. He has produced the comedy himself; by now it will be moving faster than it did at the première which was weighted—inevitably—by a Sense of Occasion. A last word from *The Young Visiters*: "'I think I will have a quiet glass of champaigne,' he said. 'I am not much in the mood for deep talk.'" You will not find the deep talk at the Phœnix; you will certainly have the "champaigne." And the vodka.

Witness for the Prosecution
(*Winter Garden*)

IT is not very far from the Phœnix to the Winter Garden, but the gap between them is that between the "fashionable side" of Belgrave Square (I get it in before a Lady Bracknell contradicts me) and the dock at the Old Bailey. In the dock—there is a full-stage set of the Central Criminal Court—is a young man, Leonard Vole, who is being tried for murder. He is created by Agatha Christie, so we can be sure that the trial will have its excitements. It has; if they are excitements that anyone in the audience has expected, he—or she—must have quite extraordinary powers of divination.

Early in the play we have Vole's case under discussion by learned counsel and solicitor in the Temple. We get back to the chambers later in the evening, at a tricky point in the trial. But naturally the heart of the matter is the Old Bailey itself. If we allow some heightening for stage effect, this is a plausible picture. Whether or not you find Mrs. Christie's plot plausible, must depend entirely upon yourself. For anybody with the crossword-gift, here is the play. Its last ten minutes may or may not rouse another brand of cross word. All I can do is to acknowledge humbly the ingenuity of Mrs. Christie's mind and the ability of the acting. David Horne and D. A. Clarke-Smith are barristers at war, Percy Marmont holds the Bench, and Milton Rosmer is as likeable a stage solicitor as I have met. The prisoner is Derek Blomfield, who conducts himself, in and out of the dock as Mrs. Christie would have him conduct himself—it is hard to write about this play without sprinkling clues—and as his wife, the witness for the prosecution, Patricia Jessel (once so good as a Stratford-upon-Avon Katharina) gives the sort of performance to be written about at length if the nature of her part did not forbid it.

Let me stop hinting. "This shilly-shallying with the question is absurd": Lady Bracknell again. I will say briefly that this is Mrs. Christie's most baffling puzzle yet. Even if it is hard to believe. . . . But let it go! Who am I to complain?

"DRESSING THE PLAY"

The Restoration.

Dressing the Play, by Norah Lambourne (Studio Publications; 15s.), is a valuable contribution to the reference works on stagecraft. This illustration from her chapter on "The Importance of Shape" shows the very essence of period costume and its visual effect. The authoress has worked with many distinguished producers and is currently staff tutor with the British Drama League.

The Return
(*Duchess*)

WHEN I heard this piece as a radio-play—it was then called *Journey to Earth*—I felt that Bridget Boland had not got it right. The stage version has confirmed the fear. Still, Miss Boland—as we know from *Cockpit*—is a serious dramatist prepared to face a serious theme without descent to triviality. During the first half-hour we feel that she may be succeeding: her story of a nun who ventures into the world again after nearly forty years in a convent, begins with real feeling and logic: Flora Robson, as she did on the air, can go straight to our hearts. Then the piece tails off. Miss Boland, though she writes with discretion and grates only in an incidental note upon a Settlement warden (the part is over-acted, anyway), cannot do much with Sister Agatha when she is in the outside world represented by her nephew's cluttered flat. Somehow, the problem softens: the play flakes and dwindles. We are left with an able first act and the invariably moving and gentle performance of Flora Robson. Ann Walford (who was charming in *The Deep Blue Sea*) is, sympathetically, Agatha's niece by marriage.

Antony and Cleopatra
(*Princes*)

IT is both Stratford-on-Nile and Stratford-on-Thames at the Princes Theatre. The Shakespeare Memorial has not sent a play direct to London since the autumn of 1947; and it was a wise decision to bring up the now fully-matured Antony and Cleopatra of Michael Redgrave and Peggy Ashcroft in the production devised so richly for them by Glen Byam Shaw. Nearly all is well: Miss Ashcroft is the "most sovereign creature" Dolabella names her. Even noisy scene-shifting on the first night could not stop us from realising that Mr. Redgrave, who knows the actor's ways and means, has found the key to the Eros scene in the fourth act.

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Anton.

"THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, DORIS, YOU'RE TOO WRAPPED UP IN THE STAGE."

Mrs. Z. Muir, of Gravesend, with her Afghan hound, *Densevarg Ramadhin*, snug and dry in a tailored zip-fastening waterproof overall.

Little Miriam Coston, aged six, with Salukis *Champion Naomi El Hor* and *Rajah El Hor*, owned by Mrs. Coston, Surrey.

Singer Olga Frei (Mrs. Paul Kelly), of Grove Park, shows her miniature poodle, *Kelfrey Pandora*.

Finnish Spitz *Hazel Gap Witchen* shown by Mrs. J. Goss, of Millers Close, Grendon Underwood, near Aylesbury.

Mrs. I. Blundell-Watts, of Thornton Heath, with her Irish terrier champion, *Tara of Innisfallen*.

. . . and friend

The Ladies' Kennel Association championship show, the last big dog show of the year, was held at Olympia on November 4th. It is interesting to note that out of an entry of 5,536, 203 were Pekingese, obviously the most popular breed with the ladies. However, there were dogs of all types, sizes and shapes—dachshunds and collies, elkhounds and Afghans, Chihuahuas and poodles, sheepdogs and terriers—and the winner of the supreme award was a small Griffon Bruxellois, *Skibereen Tedouard*, owned and bred by Mrs. E. Street, of North Park, Eltham, the runner-up being a smooth fox-terrier bitch owned by Mr. and Mrs. G. Dallison, of Hadley Wood, Hertfordshire, *Champion Gosmore Rosemorder Fireaway*.

Mrs. L. G. Widdrington, of Morpeth, Northumberland, with her Shih Tzu, *Maya-Wong of Lhakang*.

Miss Evelyn Nove, of Rochester Way, Eltham, with Mr. P. E. Mills' Elkhound, *Touvere Sharmain*.

Mrs. M. E. O'Brien, of Kenfield Hall, Petham, Canterbury, with her Bedlington terrier, *Norbert-of-Nonington.*

An exhibitor who brought her three little Chihuahuas down from Scotland, was Mrs. Dorothy Benvie, of Brechin.

Mrs. G. D. Garnett, of Kelsale Hall, Saxmundham, Suffolk, with her Afghan hound, *Zarana of Carloway.*

Mrs. Winifred Barker, of Northamptonshire, with her warmly-clad Afghan hound, *Barfour Sultan Ben Chaya.*

Susan Talbot, of Marden, Kent, buries her face in the long hair of Old English Sheepdog *Watchers Butterfly.*

" It 's all in the way you hold your mouth ! " Guests bob for apples in traditional style.

Lord Vivian bends over a " bubbling cauldron " with witches Mary Hill and Lisa Mayerling.

Tina Horniman, stage manager of *The Two Bouquets*, with Cyril Crook.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY BACKSTAGE

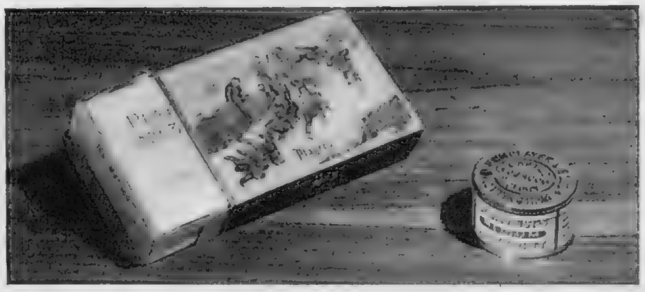
A novel and successful Hallowe'en party was held at the Piccadilly Theatre after the show on October 30th. Guests were the stars of *The Two Bouquets*, currently running at the theatre, and hosts were the chorus of the show, who provided a cabaret and all the traditional trimmings of Hallowe'en. There were plenty of " witches "—some glamorous and some not so glamorous—guests bobbed for apples in fine style, and the party as a whole was, as a change for a theatrical company, a thoroughly unrehearsed success.

Photographed by John Heddon.

Guest Brian Reece being " bewitched " by " witch " Ernest Frank.

The end of a successful party : the principals and chorus of *The Two Bouquets* get together with their guests for a photographic record of a happy occasion. Tina Horniman, sitting by Lord Vivian (*foreground*), stage-managed the party with great success : besides being stage manager of the production, she plays the part of a parlourmaid in it.

50 Gift Suggestions for Christmas 50

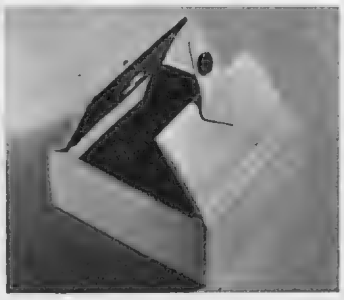


100 Player's No. 3 Cigarettes in their seasonable container, price 19s. 7d., and Player's Medium Navy Cut Tobacco, a suitable tree and table gift, price 8s. 10d.

Dorothy Grey preparations ; *l. to r.* : Guest Soap Tablets, 14s. 9d ; *White Lilac* perfumes, handbag phial, 12s. 6d ; Toilet Water, 9s. 6d. and 14s. 3d. ; Dusting Powder and Soap, 15s. Matched make-up tint, foundation, powder and lipstick, 21s.

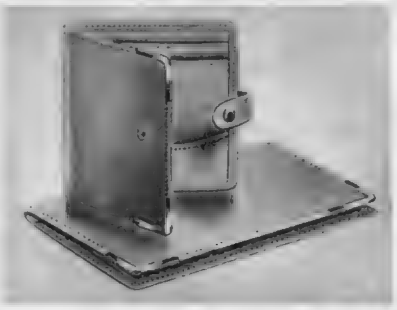
A nursery alarm clock, straight from Fairyland, with pixies on a see-saw, and a luminous moon and star. By Westclox, price 25s. 3d.

Soap, always an acceptable gift, particularly an old and tried favourite like Pears Transparent Soap, here in a box of four tablets for 3s. 6d.



A handy jewel-box for travelling, or for a young girl. In luxan-hide, velvet-lined the price is 27s. 6d. It is made by Revelation.

A gift for a proud mother : Innoxa's gift case containing Baby cream, powder and soap in a duck-bedecked box, price only 5s. 6d.



Dignified gifts for any man, a pigskin wallet and notecase with gilt mounts, price 39s. 6d. and £3 10s., from Mappin and Webb's three London showrooms.

50 50

Gift Suggestions for Christmas

50 50

For the man who roams the country, this Travel Atlas, published by the Oxford University Press, price 10s. 6d., has regional road maps.

A compact wet pack for toilet articles for the man who travels. Lined with oilskin material, the main pocket will receive soap, flannel or sponge. 42s. 9d., from Harrods.

Writing paper is always welcome, but people tend to give a make and quality they would not dream of using themselves. Spicer's Calligrapher's Paper has an excellent writing surface and is attractively packed. The box shown costs 9s. 6d. and the envelopes 1s. 8d. a packet.

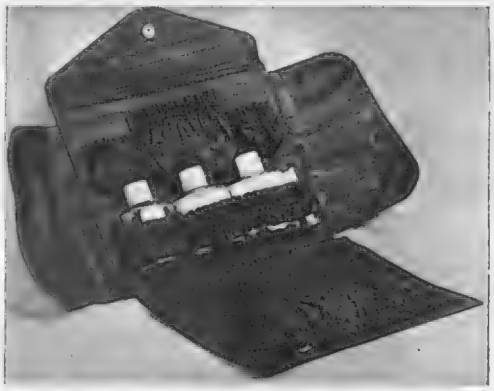
A favourite with women of all ages, and often stolen by the men, Eau de Cologne, here given Steiner's "Mellowed Leather" perfume, and packed in a Squeez-e-spray bottle. Price 15s. 6d.

A Stirrup Cup for Christmas. A 6-oz. bottle of Lentheric's after-shave lotion. Tucked into a polished pewter half-pint tankard. Price 57s. 6d.

Back in its pre-war packing, a gold casket of Cadbury's Luxury Assorted Chocolates. Price 10s. 6d. per lb.

A leather " hold-all " for the Serviceman or traveller. Price 35s. Leather luggage labels, 5s. each. All from Revelation.

For a boy of any age from six to sixty, G.E.C.'s focusing torch, in chromium-plated brass. It is $7\frac{1}{4}$ ins. long and very solid. Price 13s. 11d.



Dorothy Gray's moiré-lined folder holds milky cleanser, skin lotion, lipstick and eye-shadow, with room for a powder compact and various accessories. In attractive colours, the price is 75s.

A satisfactory answer to the problem of what to give a man, Atkinson's After-Shave Lotion, attractively packed with a wooden bowl of shaving soap. Price 14s. 5d.

A co-ordinating box of gifts from Yardley's Flair range, containing Flair-essence, Flair Bath Oil and perfume in a dainty box, price 75s.

A really warm and comfortable casual slipper for the teen-ager or the woman of any age, which has developed from the famous Baffees beach shoe. In tartan, price 13s. 3d., or rich cord velvet, 15s.

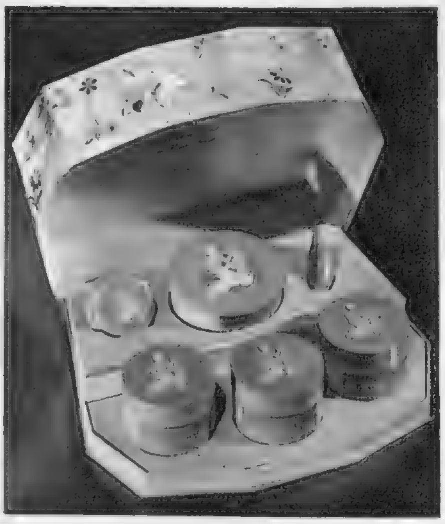
A coffret of talcum powder and bath-soap, with a rare and delightful perfume. Blue Hyacinth, by Cussons, price 6s. 6d. for the box.

Surely a useful gift to any woman or even the man living on his own, this G.E.C. iron (weighing only $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) finished in gleaming chromium, costs 42s. 6d.

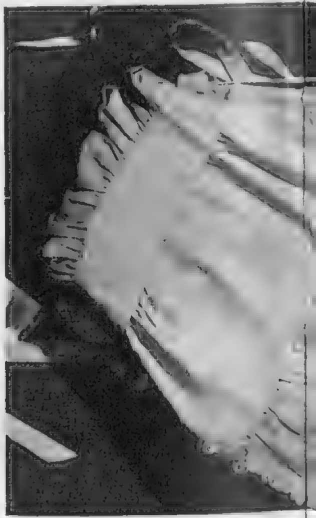
" Fanfare " is th
Norman Hartnell cre
Coronation Year, 22s.
Trial sizes, 7s. 6d.

Good cheer on the Christmas tree. Miniature bottles of Chartreuse will warm a chilly heart very reasonably. The green costs 4s. 5d., the yellow 3s. 8d.; amusing and welcome gifts.

For the air traveller or any woman who wishes to travel " light," is Elizabeth Arden's special lightweight Travel Bag, glamorously finished, and fully-fitted. Price 185s.



Atkinson's Christmas Coffret containing their Night Cream, Foundation Cream, Cleansing Cream, Powder Rouge and Lipstick in a gay and pretty box. Price 38s. 6d.



Warm and pretty, a new and
nightdress in spot-printed
washable and ideal for chilly
and 49s. 6d. from Sw

50 Gift Suggestions for

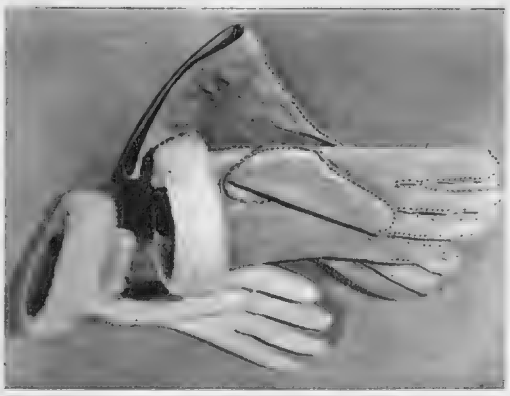
For the baby, a "Nitey-Nite" rubber hot-water bottle, pink or blue. Price 3s. 11d.

Flower prints, much in the mode, make attractive gifts. The Batsford Print Shop, 15s. to 25s.

Pyrex pack together their well-known ovenware, a casserole, a pudding basin, a tart-dish and a pie-dish, for only 10s. 6d.

An ever-useful gift for a man, a lighter by Dunhill, in an attractive gift case. In engine-turned silver, less than an inch in size, it costs 57s. 6d.

A leather travel case with Innoxa's well-known preparations. Slim and business-like, with the appearance of a brief-case, it holds enough preparations for a long holiday. Price £5 14s. 9d.



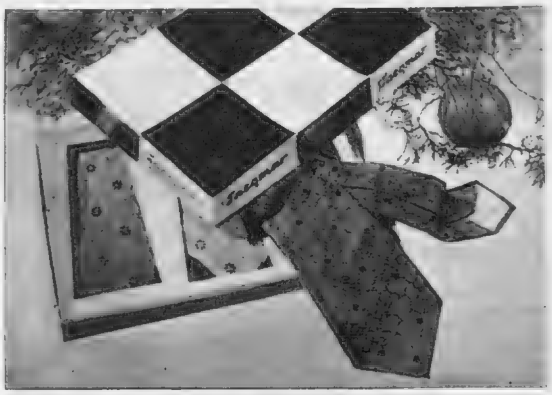
Hand-stitched hogskin gloves, with a detachable wool lining, a perfect present for the country-woman. By Morley, price approximately 83s., from Harvey Nichols ; and Binns of Edinburgh.

Small gifts for the tree or something the children can buy Daddy out of their pocket-money: Erasmus shaving sticks and holders, gaily packed for only 1s. 11d. each.

he perfume that
created specially for
2s. 6d. to £7 11s. 6d.
6d. and 8s. 6d.

A 4-in. Dunhill holder in gold or silver, with various coloured mouthpieces. Holder : gold, £9 9s. ; silver, £2 12s. 6d. ; mouthpieces 5s. each; case 16s.

The Motor Case by Noton, in grey and navy, holds a mirror, comb, two jars and bottles and has space for sleeping things. From D. H. Evans, price £2 19s. 6d.



A tie is a "safe" gift, but one can go so wrong in the choosing. Not so with Jacqmar's exclusive and pleasant ties. Singly, ties are from £1 10s. to £2 2s. Three ties in a box price 6 gns.

and charming, youthful
ed "Clydella," easily
ly nights. Price 47s. 6d.
Swan and Edgar.

For the man who cares for his appearance, Coty's Tonic hair-dressing in a special non-slip bottle, with a tube of Avocado shaving cream. Price 12s. 6d.

A charming pure silk Jacqmar square, appropriately named "A-Hunting We Will Go." In various shades, price 89s. 6d., in a special Christmas box.

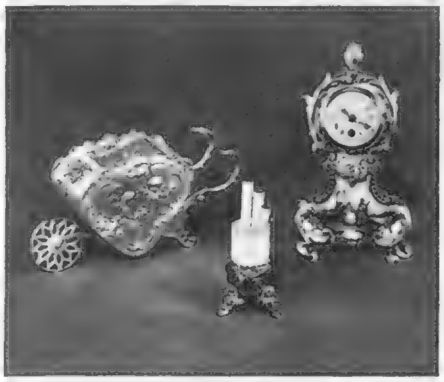
A lighter for the sportsman, with a retractable windshield for outdoor use. Pigskin covered, this Ronson model costs 48s. 6d.

r Christmas (contd.) 50

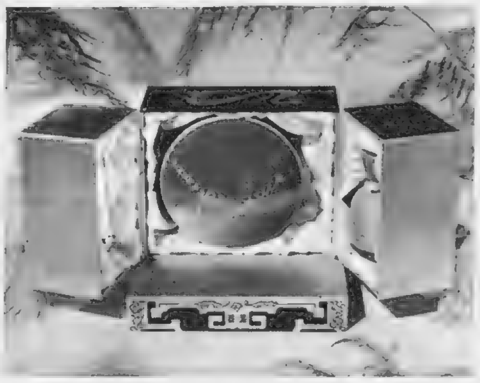
An attractive wallet contains a Coty "Red Ribbon" lipstick and a phial of *L'Aimant* perfume. On the back of the wallet there is a coin purse. Price 45s.

A small gift for a child's Christmas stocking and useful in two directions, a jig-saw puzzle with a tin of Gibbs Dentifrice. It costs only 1s. 9d.

An amusing leather stirrup cigarette-box for the sports lover's room. £4 7s. 6d. from Asprey. The leather-backed clothes-brush, with its stirrup hook, comes from Liberty, price 18s. 11d.



Trinkets from Halcyon Days, Avery Row; a tiny gilt barrow, 65s.; a jewelled stand for cigarettes, 30s., and a French china and ormulu clock, £25.



An attractive cabinet of beauty: Chen Yu's Salamander coffret, containing Cloudsilk Foundation and Powder with a lipstick. Price 35s.

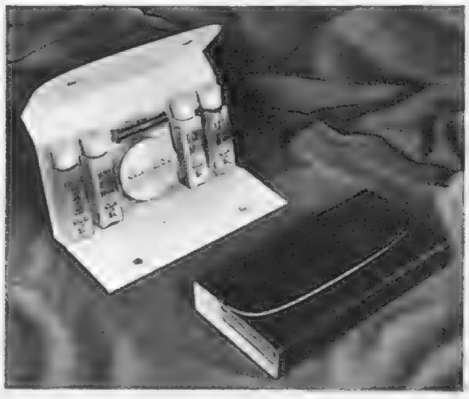
Pillow-case and sheets with frilled hems, in colours guaranteed fast to boiling. Made by Shore Sheets, price about 49s. 6d. single bed size and 72s. 6d. double bed size.

Lancômes perfume "Tresor," presented in two ways. The Gouette d'Eau on the left, 58s. 6d.; 1 oz., £7 2s.; the superb presentation coffret on the right, £23.

A favourite gift every year, Yardley's Lavender Water in a box with Lavender Bath Dusting Powder, price 19s.

Hind's lotion with bath salts (house) 3s. 6d.; Hand-lotion (snowman) 3s. 6d.; Lotion (golliwog) 2s.; Hand cream (brick box) 2s. 9d.

A Christmas-tree gift for any smoker: a flat tin of fifty Kensitas cigarettes, with cheery wrappings, opened by a gold rip-cord. Price 8s. 11½d.



Travel case with Charles of the Ritz Cleanser, Freshener, Lotion, Revenescence Powder and Lipstick. Price £3 10s.

These Morland sheepskin-lined suède Grecian slippers with a hide sole are cosy and comfortable. Price 42s., from Harvey Nichols.

50 Gift Suggestions for Christmas (contd.) 50

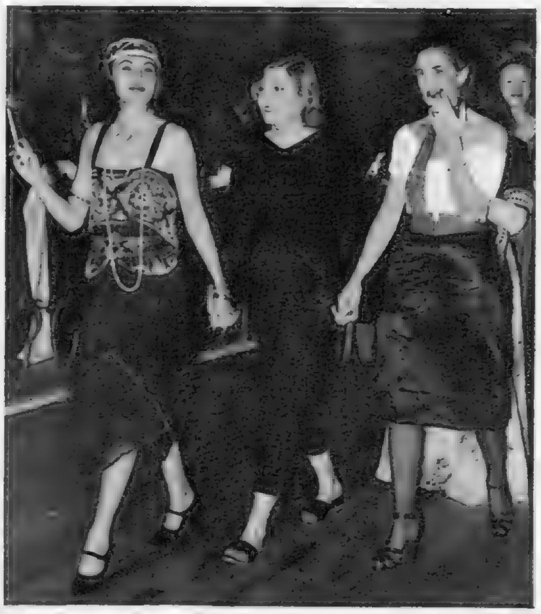
DUBLIN ARTS CLUB BALL

The ball held by the Dublin Arts Club at the Metropole, Dublin, on Nov. 4th, was a very gay and colourful affair. Guests came from far and wide, and Miss Doon Plunket brought a large party over from Luttrellstown Castle. Costumes ranged from tinkers to seventeenth-century grandees, making the judging very difficult for Miss Siobhan McKenna, the Abbey Theatre actress, who was given that always rather onerous task.

Photographed by Charles C. Fennell.

Right: Miss Peggy Swan and Miss Miriam Woodbyrne, in American footballers' costumes flown specially from the United States for the occasion, with Mr. John Hueston as Alderman A. Byrne, Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Miss Sonia Ellis, from Straffan, Co. Kildare, as a ballerina, and Mr. M. Power-Smith as "a stage-door Johnny."



Miss Doon Plunket from Luttrellstown Castle (*centre*) and Mrs. Montague-Kavanagh as Apache dancers, with Miss Paula Mari (*left*).

Mr. Eric Wallace as "the man with three heads," representing a well-known Dublin firm, and Miss Sheila Kenny.

Miss Kathleen Ryan, the film actress, as a tinker and fortune-teller, with Mr. Stan Thornton as an Irish policeman.

Miss Grace O'Malley and Mr. Kieran McMahon as a West of Ireland bridal couple, attended by straw-men musicians.

Sent for by the Emperor Tiberius, Marcellus (Richard Burton) tells the Princess Diana (Jean Simmons) that his love for her is the only thing that has stopped him from going insane in the midst of all his worries.

In the slave market, Marcellus, dallying with Junia (Dawn Adams), foils the escape of a high-born Greek slave, Demetrius.

"Sketch" Cinema Preview of To-morrow's Première

"THE ROBE"

THE much-talked-of Technicolor film, *The Robe*, is to have its London première at the Odeon, Leicester Square, to-morrow (November 19th). The film, which is based on the Lloyd C. Douglas book of the same name, will be shown by the new Cinemascope process. The story concerns a young patrician Tribune by the name of Marcellus Gallio, who comes into open conflict with the Prince Regent, Caligula, when he bids successfully against him for a magnificent Greek slave, Demetrius. Added to this, the Emperor's ward, Princess Diana, shows a marked preference for Marcellus, and this seals

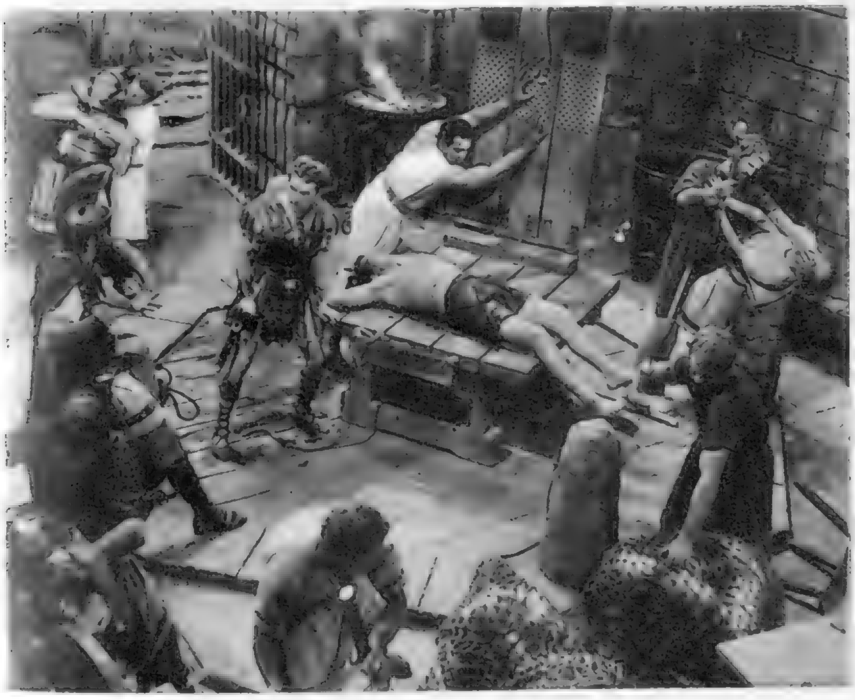
Summoned before the Emperor Tiberius (Ernest Thesiger), Marcellus tells his strange story of the robe in the presence of Diana and the Emperor's wise men.

Marcellus challenges Paulus to a duel when he discovers that the meeting-place of the Christians has been betrayed to the Roman soldiers, who try to break up the meeting.

Demetrius (Victor Mature), as a Christian, is horrified to see his master, Marcellus, gambling with others for the robe of Jesus.

his fate : Caligula orders his transfer to Palestine. Diana goes to the Emperor Tiberius to plead for her lover, who sends for the young man. But before he leaves for Capri, Pontius Pilate orders him to supervise a routine crucifixion of an "agitator" and two criminals. Marcellus finds the task distasteful and, in the shadow of the Cross, drinks heavily and gambles with other soldiers for the homespun robe worn by Jesus. He wins it, and thereafter whenever he wears it he is possessed by a half-mad melancholia. Back in Capri, he tells Diana he thinks he is mad, and Tiberius has him examined by soothsayers, who advise him to destroy the robe. He returns to Cana with instructions to find out the names of the treasonous followers of Jesus, but there he finds himself in sympathy with them and pledges himself to spread Christianity. Later, Caligula captures Demetrius and forces Diana to witness his torture : she goes to Marcellus and tells him, and he takes a band of Christians and breaks into the prison and frees the slave, allowing himself to be taken prisoner so that the others may escape. Marcellus refuses to renounce Christianity and Caligula orders his death, at which the Princess Diana demands that she share his fate.

In Palestine, far from the loving influence of Diana, Marcellus falls into dissolute ways. Here, Paulus (Jeff Morrow) wakens him from a drunken sleep with the news that Pontius Pilate wishes to see him.



In Rome, the sadistic Caligula imprisons Demetrius and is having him tortured when a band of Christians led by Marcellus raid the prison and rescue the dying slave.

Caligula accuses Marcellus of treason to Rome and orders him to be put to death, at which Diana defies the Prince Regent and denounces him as a base imitation of the great Cæsars.

Photographed by Yevonde.

LADY-IN-WAITING FOR THE ROYAL TOUR

A charming new portrait of Lady Pamela Mountbatten, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess Mountbatten, who is accompanying the Queen as one of her two Ladies-in-Waiting on the forthcoming Royal Tour. Lady Pamela has already left for Jamaica, where she will take up her duties on the Royal party's arrival.

OCTOBER 29th.—ANNUAL FESTIVAL DINNER. Mr. W. Surrey Dane, the President of the Lloyd Memorial (Caxton) Seaside Home, Deal, receives Lord and Lady Citrine on the occasion of the 66th Annual Dinner.

OCTOBER 29th.—JUBILEE BALL. *Left :* Lady Wakehurst, wife of H.E. the Governor of Northern Ireland, with Brigadier T. W. Davidson, at the Jubilee Ball in Belfast which was the termination of the celebrations to mark the jubilee of the Royal Victoria Hospital. *Right : l. to r.,* Miss Elliott, Mrs. T. W. Davidson, Mr. Victor Clarendon, Mrs. V. Clarendon, Mrs. Marshall and Dr. Robert Marshall.

OCTOBER 30th.—WEDDING. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were present at the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Carew Pole and Mr. David Quilter, which took place in a small church in the grounds of the bride's grandmother's house near Hatfield.

OCTOBER 31st.—DIPLOMATIC PARTY. Miss T. Wahba and her sister, Miss L. Wahba, daughters of H.E. the Saudi Arabian Ambassador and Madame Wahba, before they left to attend the reception held by the Queen at Buckingham Palace for the Diplomatic Corps.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

THE chief event of last week was the State Opening of Parliament, and I was among the many privileged spectators in the Royal Gallery who saw the Royal procession pass through to the Chamber of the House of Lords, and its subsequent return after the Queen's Speech. The time of waiting for the procession passed very quickly as there was so much to see of interest, and I must make mention of the impressive entrance of the Queen's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard, who then took up their positions on either side of the Gallery in front of the spectators ; the stately splendour of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, and the arrival of the Heralds, gorgeous in their brightly-coloured dress. In addition, several of the peers and peeresses, members of the Diplomatic world and their ladies, Judges in their gowns and wigs, were entering the Gallery to greet their relatives and friends. Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir came in together, she looking very pretty indeed in a diamond tiara, and wearing a pale-grey dress with a gold spot ; the Duchess of Sutherland wearing a beautiful dress of oyster satin and a platinum mink stole was talking to her sister, Mrs. Sydney Emmanuel ; Lady Ritchie of Dundee in blue brocade was greeting Lady Devonport, and Lord and Lady Pender came in to see their son, the Hon. John Denison-Pender. I also saw Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye, Viscount Furness, Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, and, through the doors leading to the Chamber, I caught sight of the Duchess of Argyll and the Countess St. Aldwyn. Later, a sudden hush heralded the arrival of Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who walked through the Gallery on their way to the Chamber. Soon afterwards, the procession formed with the Heralds at the head, followed by equerries and gentlemen of the Royal Household. Next came the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Marquess of Cholmondeley, Field Marshal Earl Alexander bearing the Sword of State, and the Marquess of Salisbury bearing the Cap of Maintenance. At three minutes to eleven precisely, the great doors at the far end of the Gallery opened, and the two trumpeters stationed at either side heralded the entrance of our beautiful and loved young Queen, with her hand resting in that of the Duke of Edinburgh. Her Majesty's dress was of white satin and lace embroidered in gold and silver thread with a design of the rose, thistle, leek and shamrock ; her train was carried by two pages, the Earl of Erne and Mr. Michael Anson. Anyone who has been fortunate enough in the past to have witnessed this scene of glorious pageantry and centuries-old tradition would have felt, as I did, that it was made particularly memorable on this occasion by the dignity and radiance of the Queen, who was wearing the State Imperial Crown for the first time since her Coronation.

[Continued overleaf.

NOVEMBER 2nd.—RECEPTION. The President and Directors of the House of Seagram gave a reception to open their exhibition of Paintings of Canadian Cities by Canadian artists. Miss Ruth Wakefield and Lady Wavell Wakefield are admiring the pictures.

NOVEMBER 3rd.—LIVERY DINNER. The annual dinner of the Worshipful Company of Barbers was held at Ironmongers Hall. *L. to r.:* Mr. P. A. Weston, Mrs. Weston, Sir Cecil Wakeley, Lady Wakeley and Mr. P. Fotheringham-Parker, perhaps better known as a racing motorist.

NOVEMBER 5th.—GUY FAWKES BALL. Miss Barbara Berry (*left*), granddaughter of Lord Kemsley, went to the Ball at Londonderry House in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, which we were glad to hear proved highly successful, despite the fact that someone tried to blow up proceedings by throwing two squibs from the balcony.

NOVEMBER 6th.—FIRST NIGHT. Madan Mendoza, the wife of the Cuban Ambassador, is seen arriving for the opening night of *Ant… and Cleopatra* at the Princes Theatre.

Our Social Diary (contd.)

The previous evening I had been to Covent Garden to the new production of *Carmen* by Anthony Asquith, and if the singing was a little disappointing, the brilliant décor and costumes certainly came up to expectation. Amongst those in the audience were the Earl and Countess of Harewood, the latter looking very beautiful, and wearing a silver-grey dress and blue fox cape; Baroness Ravensdale, Barbara, Countess of Moray with Mr. Angus Menzies, and Lord and Lady Audley.

From Covent Garden I went on to the reception given by the President and Directors of the House of Seagram to mark the opening in this country of the international tour of their Exhibition of Paintings of Canadian Cities by Canadian artists. Mr. Quentin Gwyn, acting as host, received the guests with Field Marshal Earl and Countess Alexander, and H.E. the High Commissioner of Canada and Mrs. Norman Robertson, who were the guests of honour. After the opening speech by Earl Alexander, there was a general movement to see and admire the paintings, some of which were very fine, and at the same time excellent refreshments were handed round, whilst a buffet supper was served in another room. It was an altogether delightful evening, and amongst the many people present was Prince Dimitri, who told me that there are now only eight people who hold the beautiful Russian Order of St. Andrew that he was wearing. I also saw Viscount and Viscountess Melchett, she looking most attractive in a pale-blue brocade short evening dress, Mrs. Walter Hutchinson in midnight-blue tulle talking to Sir Harry Brittain, Sir John and Lady Child, Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Galway, with their pretty daughter and her fiancé, Mr. Alick Naylor-Leyland.

On Wednesday I went to a fork luncheon party given by Lady Gloria Flower for some of her friends who, like herself, are on the committee for the Lifeboat Ball which is to take place at the Savoy on December 16th. Amongst those lunching were Mrs. Derek Hague, chairman of the Ball, Mrs. Desmond Reid in whose house the committee were to meet that afternoon, Miss Mary Ann Davies, and Mrs. Dudley Tooth, who told me that her daughter Pauline, having been assistant stage manager for the play *Dear Charles*, had now been given a small part, and was naturally very excited at making what will be her first appearance in the West End. After a delicious lunch, we were all enchanted with the far-too-brief appearance of Master Philip Flower, aged seven months, who surveyed us all with the greatest equanimity!

We then moved on to Mrs. Reid's house, also in Chelsea Square, which has some of the most attractive houses in London. Here many more members of the committee had arrived, including Countess Howe, Viscountess

NOVEMBER 3rd.—WINTER SPORTS RECEPTION. Mlle. Odile Aublin was the guest of honour at a reception held at Simpson's, and amongst those invited to meet her were, *l. to r.*, Miss Tina Shaw, Miss E. Allan and Miss Anne Parker.

NOVEMBER 4th.—KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. The Knight President, Major-General the Earl of Athlone, wearing the jewelled medal of the Club, and H.E. the Danish Ambassador, Count Eduard Reventlow, at the Club dinner which was held at the May Fair Hotel.

NOVEMBER 9th.—LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.. Lord Mayor's Day ended with the annual dinner at the Guildhall, where Sir Winston Churchill, the principal guest, was seated between the new Lord Mayor, Sir Noël Bowater, and his wife Lady Bowater. The Prime Minister responded to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers."

NOVEMBER 10th.—AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attended the wedding of Miss Anne Somerset and Major D. Rasch. *Above:* The bride with her father.

urzon, Lady Doughty-Tichborne, looking very pretty in black, Lady Mountain, Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower and Mrs. Peter Spenser-Smith.

At the meeting, plans were discussed for the Ball and, quite apart from the excellence of the cause it is to aid, this should be a wonderful evening—in addition to a cabaret, several of the leading fashion houses have promised dresses for a dress show, and amongst the prizes being offered are a return sea trip to Lisbon for two to be taken any time during 1954, a return air trip for two to Madeira, a box at the opera, and an early drawing by Augustus John.

On Thursday I went to the first night of *The Sleeping Prince* at the Phœnix Theatre and was personally quite enchanted with the play, and seeing Miss Vivien Leigh looking more beautiful than ever compensated for having to see Sir Laurence Olivier portray a particularly egotistical and far from romantic prince! H.E. the Swedish Ambassador and H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador were amongst the large audience, and I also saw Baroness Ravensdale, Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne with the Hon. Mr. Justice Barry and Lady Barry, Mr. Somerset Maugham, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, whilst the stage and screen were well represented by such well-known personalities as Mr. Noël Coward, Mr. Anthony Quayle with his wife the former Miss Dorothy Hyson, Mr. Stewart Granger and Mr. Jack Hawkins.

H.H. Princess Marie Louise honoured Lord and Lady Audley with her presence at a "house-warming" party they gave in the lovely house into which they have moved in Cheyne Walk. Overlooking the river, and with a large garden at the back, it is easily one of the most attractive houses in that part of Chelsea. The Hon. Victor and Mrs. Seeley, who are also the fortunate possessors of another lovely house in Cheyne Walk, were there, and I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Martin Soames, and Mr. Anthony Swetenham with his wife, who paints such enchanting pictures under her maiden name of Drummond, and has also written and illustrated some delightful books for children.

A reception was held by the Directors of Messrs. Simpson's to enable winter sports enthusiasts to meet Mlle. Odile Aublin, of the French Ski Team. Major A. Huskisson received the guests, and amongst those who came were the Earl and Countess of Selkirk; the latter, who before her marriage was Miss Audrey Sale-Barker, will be remembered as a most successful skier in the days before the war, and was instructress to the Corviglia Club at St. Moritz in 1939.

I went to *The King and I* one evening, and amongst those enjoying this altogether delightful musical play were the former Miss Myrtle Crawford and her fiancé, Captain John Acland, whose marriage took place in London last week. Another engaged couple there were Miss Gillian Hewett and Mr. Douglas Mackintosh, who plan to be married next summer. In the meantime, Mr. Mackintosh has had to go on a business trip to Canada, and Miss Hewett, who is a cousin of the Countess of Westmorland, is passing the time by working in London as a secretary.

TALKING OF TELEVISION: by CYRIL BUTCHER

A Fortnight for Crime

IT must be a hitherto unsuspected tidiness of mind that leads me continually to find a *leit motif* running through the major programmes of the approaching fortnight. This time the theme is crime; crime as a subject for a play which intended merely to entertain, crime as the fountain from which has poured one of the great tragedies of literature and crime to trigger off what will undoubtedly be a most shattering documentary.

The play which merely sets out to entertain you is *The Shop At Sly Corner*, by Edward Percy, which you will be able to see next Sunday (November 22nd) and again on November 26th. Mr. Percy has laid the action in a room at the back of one of those mysterious shops you can find in the backwaters of London, which sell jewellery, silverware and all sorts of odds and ends of antiquity. This shop belongs to one Descius Heiss, a man of obscure lineage who at some distant past hailed from Alsace. One is not long left in doubt that our Descius belongs to that genus which is such a gold mine to the dramatist: the lovable rascal.

For behind the respectable façade of the shop he conducts a secondary, but doubtless much more profitable business. Mr. Heiss, in fact, is a fence, and his clients are those reprehensible gentry who delight in climbing drainpipes, effecting burglarious entries and leaving houses laden with swag.

Archie Fellowes, his shop assistant, is not slow to find out this shady industry on the part of his boss. Being an ambitious boy and in no way burdened with a conscience, he sees no reason why this knowledge should not be turned to his own good account. But Mr. Heiss has a daughter whom he has "brought up respectable." She is an on-coming violinist and engaged to a thoroughly nice young ship's surgeon in the Merchant Navy.

With this set-up it is inevitable that things begin to happen—rapidly and alarmingly. What exactly those activities are I will leave you to find out for yourselves. But I can assure you that you will not be bored.

Now for the tragedy scheduled for November 29th and December 3rd. It is an adaptation made by Gaston Baty from a translation by D. L. Orna of Dostoievski's immortal novel, *Crime and Punishment*. This great Russian author found his most fertile inspiration in the sufferings of the poor, the misfits and the under-privileged. He was also obsessed with the problem of equating the Will of God with the human misery which he saw all round him and which he had ample opportunity to study at first hand throughout his chequered career.

He introduces us to Raskolnikoff, a young student, one of the reactionary intelligentsia whose bizarre creeds, ineffectual enough in the middle of the nineteenth century, nevertheless prepared the way to the blood bath of the Russian Revolution. Raskolnikoff has claimed in an article that the superior being, the man of superior intellect, is above the laws of society which bind the ordinary man. Even murder is justifiable to such people, of which he claims to be one.

As the play opens he proceeds to carry his theory into practice by butchering an old money-lending crone—partly for financial gain (for he is desperately poor) and partly to be as good as his word. Thereafter he becomes a tortured being, knowing his sins, yet refusing to pay the penalty. He feels himself to be utterly cut off from decent people, and in order to find the companionship he craves—someone as debased as he, with whom he can share his secret—he plunges into the life of the gutter.

It is in the population of this gutter world that Dostoievski's characterisations are so exquisite. He shows us these miserable folk, not as an onlooker sees them, but through their own eyes. He shows us their pathetic illusions, their self-justifications for their wretched situations, their hopeless optimisms. Not a happy play, by any means, but one to stir real compassion.

Children in Trust, written by Caryl Doncaster—and to be produced by her next Tuesday (November 24th)—is a documentary programme which deals with a crime which personally shocks me even more than murder. For, to me, the bestiality and brutality of a murder is overshadowed by the horrible cruelty of child neglect, involving, as it does, the continued cruelty to those who go on living and who cannot possibly hit back.

Begetting children is fatally easy but the results are frequently most unwelcome. The unwanted child is a resented child, a hated child, denied the parental love for which it instinctively longs, and without which it has no chance to grow into a normal adult. Then, even in these days of the Welfare State, there are many hundreds of families which, through poverty or natural sluttishness, live in conditions of appalling squalor; conditions in which it is criminal to attempt to bring up children.

This is a problem to which no self-respecting society can turn a blind eye, and things are being done about it. Miss Doncaster will show us the doing in process. Viewers will doubtless be gladdened by it, but they will not feel very proud of a great many of their fellow citizens.

YOUR CHRISTMAS CARD CAN BE A KIND THOUGHT TWICE . . .

. . . not only for the friend to whom you send it but also to a very worthy theatrical cause. Noël Coward, Roger Furse, Ann Todd (whose card is reproduced above), Norman Shelley and Elsie and Doris Waters have all designed Christmas cards for the Actors' Church Union, 224a, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. Other actors and actresses are there to sell them daily or they can be obtained from the same address by post, and proceeds go to a hostel for children of theatre people on tour.

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Good

Some of television's post-scholastic courses, like *Ballet for Beginners*, *Your Brain at Work* and *Science in the Making*.

The new Saturday night serial, *Johnny, You're Wanted*, by Maurice McLoughlin, and produced by Douglas Moodie most competently. This stars John Slater, at his most charming and whimsical, as a somewhat star-crossed lorry-driver.

A particularly good *Face the Music* from Henry Hall on November 7th.

Indifferent

Quite Contrary, a new light entertainment programme from Richard Afton, which will no doubt graduate to the "Good" category when its teething troubles are solved. Even so, not unenjoyable.

The Teddy Bear, by James Warren, a thriller that never thrilled. A nice performance by Hugh Griffith and one by child-actress Margaret McCourt which infuriated me.

Gunpowder, Treason and Plot, by Hugh Ross Williamson. Not one of Harold Clayton's best production efforts. The tempo was too slow and there was not enough individuality in the performances—for which the cast must take their share of the rap.

Bad

The first of the new *What's My Line?* series. What has happened to the old snap of this programme and where is its personal conflict? The new panel set-up does not seem to produce either results or amusement.

Personality Parade—11

GREER GARSON

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jitendra Arya.

Few even of her greatest admirers are aware that lovely Irish-born Greer Garson received her early dramatic training at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre and made her first London appearance—as Iris in *The Tempest*—at the Open Air Theatre at Regent's Park in 1934. Her highly successful film career began in 1938 and she quickly won renown for her fine performances in such box-office winners as *Goodbye, Mr. Chips, Pride and Prejudice, Mrs. Miniver, Madame Curie* and *The Forsyte Saga*, which was given a Royal Command Performance. To-day, Hollywood has claimed her as its own : her accent and her outlook are undeniably American, but there is more than a hint of nostalgia in her voice when she speaks of her homeland. And although her country house at fashionable Bel Air contains in its grounds the now traditional Hollywood swimming-pool, she has done her best to make of her home "a little piece of England."

THE WORLD OF MOTORING

★

The Targa Florio Frazer-Nash

★

By WILLIAM HARTLEY

Our motoring correspondent, Mr. William Hartley, is at the wheel of the Targa Florio Frazer-Nash upon which he reports in the accompanying article. The poodle, apparently, also approves of this model !

IT was with a genuine feeling of excitement that I went to Isleworth to collect the Frazer-Nash for road test, for my last experience of driving one of these cars dated back to the 'thirties, and the memory was a happy one ; the Aldington brothers have been turning out splendid cars in their own special, if small, way for a long time now.

Nor was I disappointed. I look back on a few days of fast and exhilarating motoring, combined with an immense feeling of safety, which is a paramount consideration. The Targa Florio Frazer-Nash is so named because of its win in the 1951 XXXV. Targa Florio, the first time an English car has ever won this most difficult of all road races, in a hard-fought competition with larger Ferraris and Maseratis.

The six-cylinder engine, a specially built Bristol unit of 1971 c.c., is available in various stages of tune, to suit the special needs of the customer, developing anything from 100 to 140 b.h.p. The car I tested was of the high-speed touring variety, with a mere 100 b.h.p. available.

The rate of acceleration is very good, and the interesting thing is that it is uniform all through the speed range, giving a most attractive feel to fast driving. My fastest speed was in the region of 110 m.p.h., and here I may add that I covered some journeys in very short times. Averages of sixty and more are not easily accomplished on our busy and inadequate roads, but with the Frazer-Nash they come quite unknowingly. The sure cornering and the general feeling of rigidity, together with some of the best brakes I have ever used, produce this result.

The suspension is, it is true, harder than in a family saloon, which is only to be expected in a high-performance car. But what one misses in feather-bed ride is more than made up in almost incredible road adhesion. Corners on strange roads present no worry, and the steering is very light and extremely positive and accurate. In point of fact, that is one of the main impressions of the 600 miles I did in the car—the controls are a fine engineering job, and not of the bent rod and wire variety !

The body is strongly built and yet light, with the two seats very comfortable and, like so many Frazer-Nash features, they can be made to suit the exact requirements of the buyer. Those in the test car suited me well. Between the two there is a padded centre section, which is an obvious spot for a child, so generous is the width. There is a very ample boot for luggage at the rear. The driving position, too, is worthy of mention. One is seated low down, but extremely comfortably, and the vision is quite outstanding, with the full width of the front of the car easily seen without neck-straining.

The curved windscreen gives good protection when the car is used open, and the hood (not an easy affair to erect or dismantle, but acceptable) gives more than adequate protection. The closed-up car, in fact, with the side screen in place, was warm and snug on a ghastly day-and-night journey I had to make !

By now you may have the impression that this Frazer-Nash is akin to little other than a racing car and, while it may perform in this fashion, a few family journeys proved the other side of the car. Some busy shopping traffic and some docile pottering with family complete, with two young children, was accomplished in as pleasant and smooth a fashion as in a more obviously family car. Therein lies great credit.

The petrol consumption over a very mixed series of trips came out at 21–22 m.p.g., and I view that as being very good.

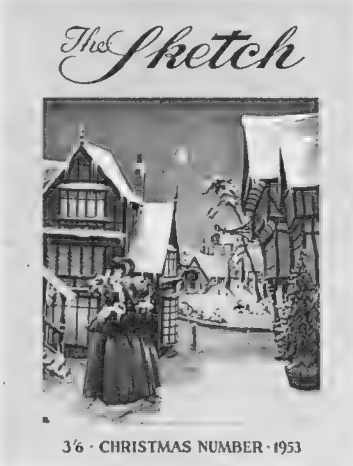
To an engineer, the Frazer-Nash is quite a delight, as he can admire the class of work put into the car and the general mechanical excellence. The quality of the bodywork and the leather used on the seats are obvious without any special knowledge.

I have mentioned the various versions of the engine that are available to a buyer's choice. In true Aldington style, they also offer six alternative rear-axle ratios with bolt-on wheel, or five alternative ratios with centre-lock disc wheels. Gearbox ratio alternatives are available, various versions of petrol tankage are ready for the choosing. One can go on with this list, but I refrain ; because the point is surely made that this can be a tailor-made car to suit most needs whether for racing or competition work, or simply as a fast touring car. The price is high, perhaps, but not out of proportion to the machine. A unique job altogether, the Frazer-Nash fully deserves the reputation it proudly possesses.

This and That

Not least among the interesting future prospects are the plastic body and the compression ignition engine, or Diesel, as it is widely although not entirely correctly known. Several engines of this type are now coming through for fitting to existing cars, and there will be one announced within a week or so of these notes appearing, made by an engine firm of note in the Midlands. There are others to follow. More than one car maker is running test cars with C.-I. power units, and at next year's Show they will be there in numbers as standard alternatives in production models. In the past, C.-I. engines have been rough, noisy, smelly, and very bumpy at tick-over speeds. These disadvantages have now been overcome, and advantage can be taken of their better fuel consumption. The miles per gallon for a given engine size may increase by anything up to 75 per cent., which is appreciable. The fuel they use is less costly, largely due to tax difference. They start easier and have longer life. Just how long we should enjoy lower-priced fuel I would not like to guess, as the tax people have a habit of catching up with ideas that avoid higher rates.

The plastic body is another prospect of interest. Light and strong, plastics can have several important advantages. Weight saved is valuable. Absence of rust or corrosion will lengthen body life considerably. Bodies may well be more silent, and plastic panels will not drum or exaggerate mechanical noises. A new material as used on the Jowett *Jupiter R.4* at Earls Court is called "Automold," a laminated material, linen bound. I gather that one prospect is that the material will be coloured in a variety of shades, and thus painting or repainting will be unnecessary and the colour would never polish away !



OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

PAUL GALLICO, whose infinitely tender, immeasurably moving stories like *The Snow Goose* and *The Small Miracle* are known and loved by millions, has written specially for "The Sketch" Christmas Number a new story in his inimitable style, *Saint Ludmilla and the Weakling*. With its beautifully-drawn illustrations, it will touch the heart as well as the mind, and live a long time in the memory. Like all Paul Gallico's stories, it is a tale for children of all ages ; and like all Paul Gallico's stories, we feel that it will become a legend.

From the tender to the gay : the pages of this special issue abound in colour and warmth—and over all is the special magic of the festive season. There are Harlequins and holly, mummers and mistletoe, "Bushy's Christmas" and a Dolls' Anthology for the children, stories and seasonal articles for the adults. There is a delightful eight-page Colour Supplement of skilfully modernised selections from *The Canterbury Tales*—stories like *The Pilgrims, The Men Who Would Kill Death, Patient Griselda, The Knight and the Old Woman*, and *A Princess's Adventure*.

An imaginary series on the adventures of William Shakespeare among the New Elizabethans adds a lively touch, and there is much more that will entertain and intrigue you. "The Sketch" Christmas Number makes an ideal Christmas present for friends overseas—but don't forget to order one for yourself. From all newsagents, or from the Circulation Manager, "The Sketch," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, W.C.2.

On sale this week. Price 3s. 6d. (Postage 4d. extra).

At the supper table, *l. to r.* : Mrs. Pamela McWhirter, Lieut. Warwick Child and Mrs. Child.

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY BALL

Serving and retired Army and Navy officers and their friends were entertained at the annual Naval and Military Ball which was held at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, on October 30th. Always a colourful occasion, with the uniform and evening dress of the men providing a background for the lovely gowns of the ladies, it was particularly so this year, and there were many compliments from the guests for the organisers responsible for the success of the occasion.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by John Pratt.

A happy young group enjoy themselves in traditional style—sitting out on the stairs between dances.

Bearded Commander Roger Hill and Mrs. Hill chatting to uniformed Vice-Admiral A. K. Scott-Moncrieff.

Time out for a drink and a cigarette, for Miss Gillian Nuttall-Smith and Lieut. W. F. Harvey.

Foursome enjoying a joke together between dances, *l. to r.* : Captain and Mrs. Small, Major and Mrs. Goodman.

At the distinguished guests' table, *l. to r.* : Mrs. G. Corps and Major G. Corps, R.M. ; Chief Officer M. Hales, W.R.N.V.R. ; Brigadier E. R. Caffyn ; Mrs. J. Hay, Mayoress of Brighton ; the Duke of Norfolk ; Mrs. C. H. Homan ; Vice-Admiral A. K. Scott-Moncrieff ; Mrs. A. E. Brocke, Mayoress of Hove ; Captain E. S. Oliver, R.N.V.R. (retd.).

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

A New Shakespearean Giant

Julius Cæsar

(*Carlton*)

IT would be an act of supreme ingratitude to inquire whether Hollywood's success with *Julius Cæsar* is more of a surprise or a delight. Better just throw our hats in the air and cheer, because this fine, vigorous work has appeared at all. We don't get giants like it every day in the cinema.

Perhaps it should be noted that John Houseman, who produced it, has a peculiar partiality for the subject. In 1937 he put on a startling stage version of *Julius Cæsar*, with Orson Welles, in modern dress. That version made no bones about suggesting a parallel between Shakespeare's "political thriller" and current events in Europe. The new film version has reverted from black shirts to togas, from a twentieth-century Fascist State to the Rome of 44 B.C. But the implication of a modern parallel persists. Hollywood's *Julius Cæsar* is a gangster melodrama before everything; the account of a bloody conspiracy against a political boss who seems to have grown too big in his lust for power; and then, after his bumping-off, gang warfare.

Now gangster melodrama is something Hollywood knows all about, and never has it been served with a better script than this. George Bernard Shaw, who was no great idolator of the Bard, once described Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* as "the most splendidly written political melodrama we possess."

> *Regarded as a crafty stage job, the play is a triumph; rhetoric, claptrap, effective gushes of emotion, all the devices of the popular playwright, are employed with a profusion of power that almost breaks their backs.*

Modified rapture, as you can see, but opinion not to be gainsaid. And by keeping faithful to the play both in letter and in spirit, providing no "additional dialogue," and cutting remarkably little of the author's text, producer John Houseman, director Joseph Mankiewicz, and a superbly understanding cast, have turned out a thriller as exciting as anything that has appeared on the screen this generation.

The film leaps at the imagination from the opening shots, which show the Tribunes tearing the wreaths from Cæsar's statues, and for at least ninety minutes never slackens its hold. As the plot thickens, as the conspirators lay their plans for murder, and the Ides of March draw near, the suspense becomes almost unendurable. When Cæsar receives his warnings, although we know the end of the story, we are still half-persuaded to hope against hope. Meanwhile, *because* we know the end of the story, we keep our eyes on Antony. We note that Cassius alone is suspicious of Cæsar's "gamesome" and handsome yes-man; we shake our heads when good, fair, stupid Brutus, after Cæsar's death, positively hands the pulpit over to Antony, and insists that the crowds should stay and listen to him. I don't know whether I am singular, but never before, either in reading the play or seeing it on the stage, have I so much appreciated the supreme cunning with which Shakespeare laid the Royal carpet for Antony's great speech.

Of course there is no getting round the fact that the play slips into anti-climax after the funeral oration, but the battle scenes, though too like a Red Indian attack to convince me of their tactical authenticity, do carry the story on, almost in picture-strip form, to the last essential speech over the body of Brutus. I couldn't help wishing that the wonderful parting lines between Brutus and Cassius had been allowed a certain measure of privacy, and not exchanged in full hearing of the rank and file of the army, but this arrangement certainly does away with any chance of sentiment; a preclusion not common in Hollywood, and disciplinarily valuable.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—Brutus (James Mason) and Cassius (Sir John Gielgud) in this production which stands "high on the list of Shakespearean plays brought to the screen."

The acting presents an odd mixture of styles, which seem to have fallen very happily together. By far the most distinguished Shakespearean in the cast is Sir John Gielgud, playing a lean and hungry Cassius, and speaking the lines with a beauty of diction that none of the others has even begun to emulate. But the part does not give him the chance that Brutus affords James Mason; and Mr. Mason, though far less sure of his delivery, gives Brutus such an honesty of mind and gentleness of manner that in the close scenes played between them the balance remains even. Mr. Mason grows in stature with every performance he gives. From pitying him as a too-quickly-thrust-up film-star, I have come to admire him tremendously as an actor. I should very much like to see what he could do now, with a challenging part on the stage.

It has long been the custom in the theatre for actor-managers to play Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*. I have never been able to understand why they made such a decision; except that Brutus, apart from having the longest part, is recognised as being "the noblest Roman of them all." Me, I should have gone for Antony every time, and Marlon Brando's performance in the film version confirms me in the wisdom of my choice. Mr. Brando, best known here for his playing of the almost unintelligible male animal in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, is not normally to be thought of as a Shakespearean actor. His voice has very little music in it, and he has had very little practice in the mastery of blank verse. But there are few Hollywood players who can equal him in the power of projecting a personality; and when I say power, I mean power, like Samson's, to pull the roof down. His speeches in the Forum almost tear the theatre to pieces, and with them go a terrifying quality of smouldering power in the heavy-lidded eyes, which seem to draw threat and energy from every side. There are other ways of playing Antony, but few that are likely to leave such an ineffaceable effect.

This *Julius Cæsar* must stand high on the list of Shakespearean plays brought to the screen, challenging our own *Henry V.* for premier place. At all events, it brushes away the cobwebs from a set book for examinations; not only engaging the audience with the bright ring of true words, but bringing the Julius Cæsar murder case right on to the front page of to-day's newspapers.

Other New Films

ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL? (*Tivoli*).—A gently charming and often shrewdly funny period piece, about a large, respected and comfortable Edwardian family, which tries to find an Interest In Life for Uncle Willie (Donald Wolfit), who has regrettably taken to the bottle.

MOGAMBO (*Empire*).—Ava Gardner turns up on safari in Darkest Africa, with the most stunning collection of costumes ever packed into two small suitcases, and tames wild-animal collector Clark Gable and all the rest of the local fauna. A piece of beautiful nonsense, without a single dull minute.

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT (*Academy*).—A John Ford picture about old Kentucky, obviously made from the heart and for the heart; a small, unostentatious film that can work powerfully on the emotions.

A DAY TO REMEMBER (*Gaumont*).—Episodic film, peopled with characters both comic and pathetic, about the annual outing of a London darts team to Boulogne, with Stanley Holloway, Donald Sinden, James Hayter, Joan Rice and Odile Versois. Not unpleasing, but could have done with a lighter touch.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

A Handknitted Dress for Christmas

The vogue for hand-knits that has swept America and the Continent has caught on in this country. It is difficult to believe that these superbly-fitting and finished suits and dresses and even coats have been knitted by hand, but this is a proof that home crafts have not entirely died out. This delightful cocktail dress, in white Shetland wool, fine and lacy as a baby's shawl, belted with gold kid, is 37 guineas, from Harrods.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Studio Hanover.

[Continued overleaf.

Roses, the flower of the year. Two enormous pink cabbage roses, beautifully contrived and joined together in a spray. 25s. and 30s. from the Flower Shop, Marshall and Snelgrove.

OUR FASHION

A Christmas

The special Christmas gift. The accessory that is over and above the plans you have made for your wardrobe—the gift you have long wanted, the answer to the question, "What can I give you for Christmas?" You

Trim and warm and exceedingly elegant are these town boots for the stormy days to come. In black suède, lacing down the sides, price 99s. 9d., from Dolcis, Old Bond Street.

An evening jacket in white brushed wool, warm and snug, with a portrait neck and wide sleeves. Short enough to look attractive with a wide-skirted dress or dramatic over a long or short straight dress. Made to order by Joy Ricardo, at Woollands, Knightsbridge.

Paris says "Muffs are back." Here is a muff with a matching cravat, to bring new life to a tired suit or dress. In Persian lamb, from Morris, Wright's Lane, Kensington; 5 guineas, the cravat; 14 guineas, the muff.

PORTFOLIO (continued)

Gift for You

may be spending a money present, or you may just be buying yourself a Christmas Gift in a burst of seasonable frivolity. Choose from the ideas on these pages something to give you extra glamour.

Cocktail sandals, very flattering to the foot with their new "T-strap" front. In black, gunmetal and bronze patent, a Lehany shoe, price 8 guineas, from Lotus, New Bond Street.

This Paris-designed blouse in brown mirror-velvet is subtle with black and jet jewels. By Malcolm Rowe, from Maggy Rouff's design, price 15½ guineas, from Woollands, Knightsbridge.

A demure little cape in Pyrenees fleece, with black buttons and fringe. In white and other shades, it adds warmth to a plain black dress or party dress for a young girl. Price 6 guineas from Simpson, Piccadilly.

An evening sweater from Rima's "Après-ski" range, luxurious to a degree. In black jersey, with kolinsky and bijouterie round the high neck and cuffs, it costs 19½ guineas from Fior, Burlington Gardens.

[Continued overleaf.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

Leisure clothes now have a luxurious look, and we dress up to relax, but dress up with such comfort that we achieve an effortless elegance. What could be more casual or more comfortable or more becoming than a blazer cribbed from a schoolboy brother, but in pink corduroy, honeycombed and bound with black? Worn with black velveteen drain-pipe slacks, it can also be paired more formally with a straight black velveteen skirt. All by Estrava, prices approximately: blazer, £5 19s. 11d.; slacks, 97s. 11d.; "Adapta" skirt, 75s. 11d. and 87s. 11d.; from Jay's of Regent Street.

JAEGER

How wonderful

to be going away this winter . . .
and what a relief to know you can find
all your ski things at Jaeger.
You really can't go wrong
with clothes styled by people
who ski themselves.
Everything from the latest line
in windcheaters to the softest type
of snowboot, is practical,
good-looking . . .

very much Jaeger

After-ski jacket

Brilliantly, boldly striped
blanket cloth—red, green,
yellow and black on white;
fastened with big pearl
buttons: **£25**

Ski clothes for men and women

Hand-embroidered with brilliant dragons or other beautiful and fiery creatures : a pair of Oriental bedroom mules which are extremely inexpensive. (See article.)

Christmas Shopping Treasure Hunt

By Susan Carr

To fix to your window or hang in your garden : an unusual bird-feeder made by hand from galvanised wire. (See description in article.)

SOMETIMES I wish that I was a long-distance planner—one of those organised people who start buying Christmas presents on Midsummer's Day and produce them from the mothballs, with a smug smile, just when most people are caught up in the last-minute rush. Well, alas! or thank heavens, I 'm not so far-sighted, but I have been for a special tour of the shops to look for things which I think, and hope, may help you when you get down to tackling your Christmas problems.

* * *

An unusual present which should delight any woman are some jersey gloves with deep fur cuffs. When you put on the gloves, the cuffs cunningly meet together to form a fur muff. These muff-gloves can be bought ready-made, or made in any colour to order, or made up for you, using your own fur.

* * *

An attractive travelling set contains all the essentials for a manicure. The set, which has a wine-red plastic covering, contains polish, polish remover, satin base and cuticle remover, together with emery boards, orange sticks, and so on.

* * *

During your Christmas shopping expeditions I do recommend you to go to a shop in Knightsbridge which has a fascinating stock of delightful, unusual and inexpensive presents. I saw a great variety of charming dishes in Chelsea Ware ranging from less than ten shillings; also handwoven carpets and rugs, ceramic jewellery and some unusual and attractive wastepaper baskets.

* * *

At another Knightsbridge shop, only just across the road, I have found some treasure in the form of Oriental bedroom shoes and mules. These are hand-embroidered with brilliant dragons, peacocks or other beautiful creatures on a satin background of blue, green, red, purple or black. They are extremely inexpensive; particularly the mules.

* * *

Now for a present which, though small, may cause many blessings to be evoked on your head during the coming year. This is a screwdriver with a fully-insulated transparent handle which contains a complete fuse outfit. There is sufficient wire in 5, 10 and 15 amps for 600 fuses! The screwdriver has a ring at the top for hanging near the fuse-box.

* * *

Indoor afternoons during the Christmas holidays will provide opportunities for older children to enjoy themselves painting pictures with the aid of a Craft Master set. The set includes a canvas which is printed with a design (and there is a choice from eighteen) and is divided into numbered sections, each one representing a colour which is to be painted with the correspondingly numbered oil paint.

A really haunting perfume—and how delightfully this type of ghost clings—is Steiner's "Mink." As well as the de luxe size, which any woman would be thrilled to receive, there is now a new handbag size at a price which most of us can afford to give away.

* * *

A new device to aid in that most worthy occupation of bottle-opening is a particularly good present to give or receive at this time of year. It is a crown cork-opener with a magnetic stud which prevents the metal cap from falling when it is removed from the bottle.

* * *

Another aid to good drinking is a tall Martini Mixer in spotted glass, which has a matching glass swivel stick. In the Toy Fair at this store, which is more like a trip to Fairyland than ever this year, two things particularly pleased me. One was a cuddly kangaroo with a baby in its pouch all ready to hop into a young child's affections; and the other was a fascinating fire engine complete with tall ladder and a hose which actually directs water on the flames. Beware when presenting this gift that your son isn't tempted to set his sister's doll's house alight to carry out an efficiency test, as actually happened, one Christmas afternoon, in my own family!

* * *

An ideal gift for all wild-bird lovers, and the perfect diversion for invalids and others, is a bird-feeder which can be suspended from a small bar fastened to the lintel of a window, to a wire stretched taut between two supports or hung from the branch of a tree. These feeders are made by hand in Devon by a disabled man. The bowl at the top of the feeder is for water, and the food goes below it. (See illustration above.) If the birds are a little shy at first, try placing food instead of water in the bowl. When they become used to the feeder they will very soon learn to stand on the platform and eat from the cage.

* * *

Since Christmas is above all else the children's festival, I want to end by mentioning two toys designed for the very young. One, called "Mr. Potato Head," should provide hours of amusement (and peace for mother and father) for a small boy or girl. It is a "funny-face" kit containing various kinds of plastic eyes, ears, and so on, as well as a plastic body. All the pieces have prongs which can be easily fitted into a potato, or almost any kind of vegetable or fruit, transforming it into a little man which can be given numerous different faces.

Not forgetting the Diver, my last suggestion is an amusing little toy which comprises a transparent seascape tank, a salvage boat, a diver, an octopus and seashells. The tank is filled with water and then the "Dare-devil Diver" is placed inside it feet first. The salvage boat and rubber cap are replaced on top of the tank and you are ready for action. Pressure on the cap sends "Dare-devil" down to the sea-bed and when pressure is released he returns to the salvage boat. When the diver is on the sea-bed a series of quick presses on the cap make him move around hunting for the treasure-chest.

It is not too early to think about Christmas cards. If you have not already chosen yours I should like to tell you about a series of cards which cover all the best-known breeds of dogs from Airedale Terriers to Springer Spaniels (specimen above). These dog studies are extremely well and faithfully drawn and the proceeds from their sale go to the Canine Fund of the Animal Health Trust, which is the only organisation in the British Commonwealth devoting itself exclusively to investigating diseases of the dog. The cards, including envelopes, are 8s. 6d. a dozen (plus postage); for an extra charge they can be over-printed with your name and address. Samples will be forwarded on request. These cards can be obtained from Winnie Barber, Animal Health Trust, 232, Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

Muff-gloves : about 7 guineas ; Molly Farrell Boutique, 28, Hans Road, Knightsbridge.

Peggy Sage travelling manicure set : 35s. ; chemists and leading stores.

Chelsea Ware, etc. : Orbis Studio, 38, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

Oriental bedroom shoes and mules : 25s. 9d. and 12s. 11d. respectively ; Mondaine, 63, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

"Fusemaster" Screwdriver : 3s. 6d. ; Selfridges.

Craft Master oil painting by numbers : 14s. 11d. ; Hamleys, Gamages and W. H. Smith.

Steiner's "Mink" : de luxe size 6 guineas, and purse size 15s. 6d. ; chemists and leading stores.

Cortu Magnetic Crown Cork Opener : 7s. 6d. ; Fortnum and Mason.

Martini Mixer : 18s. 6d. ; swivel stick : 3s. 3d. ; Toy kangaroo : 17s. 6d. ; Toy Fire Engine : 28s. 3d. ; Harrods.

Wild Bird Feeder : 12s. 6d., plus 1s. 6d. postage ; from Bird Feeders, 1, Kings Avenue, Paignton, Devon.

"Mr. Potato Head" : 5s. 9d. ; "Dare-devil Diver" ; 4s. 9d. ; Hamleys.

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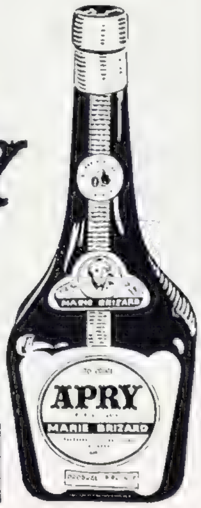

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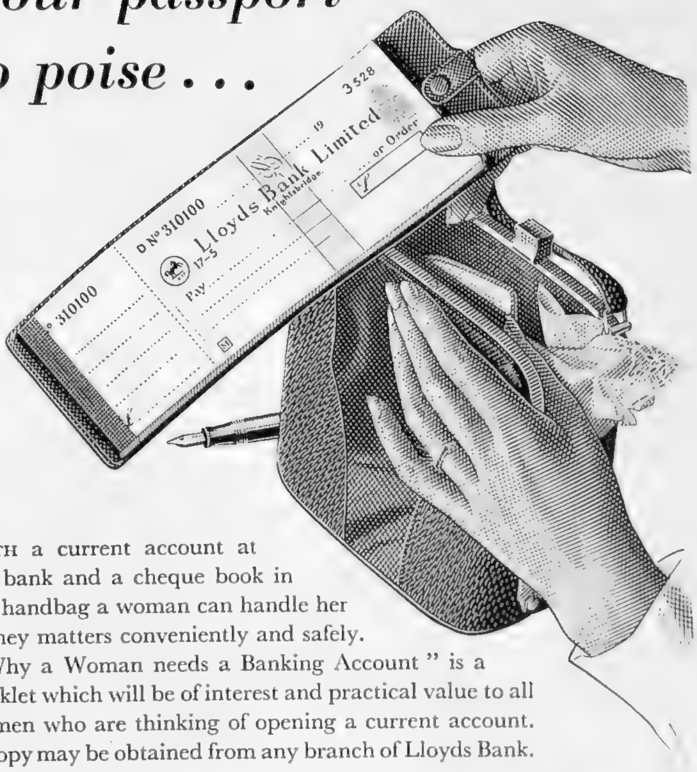

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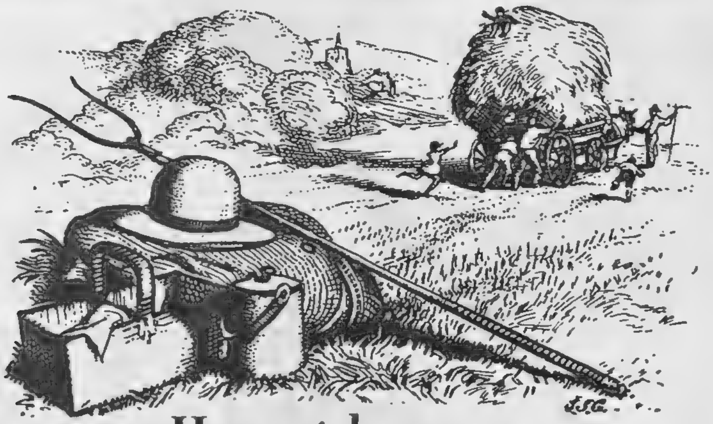

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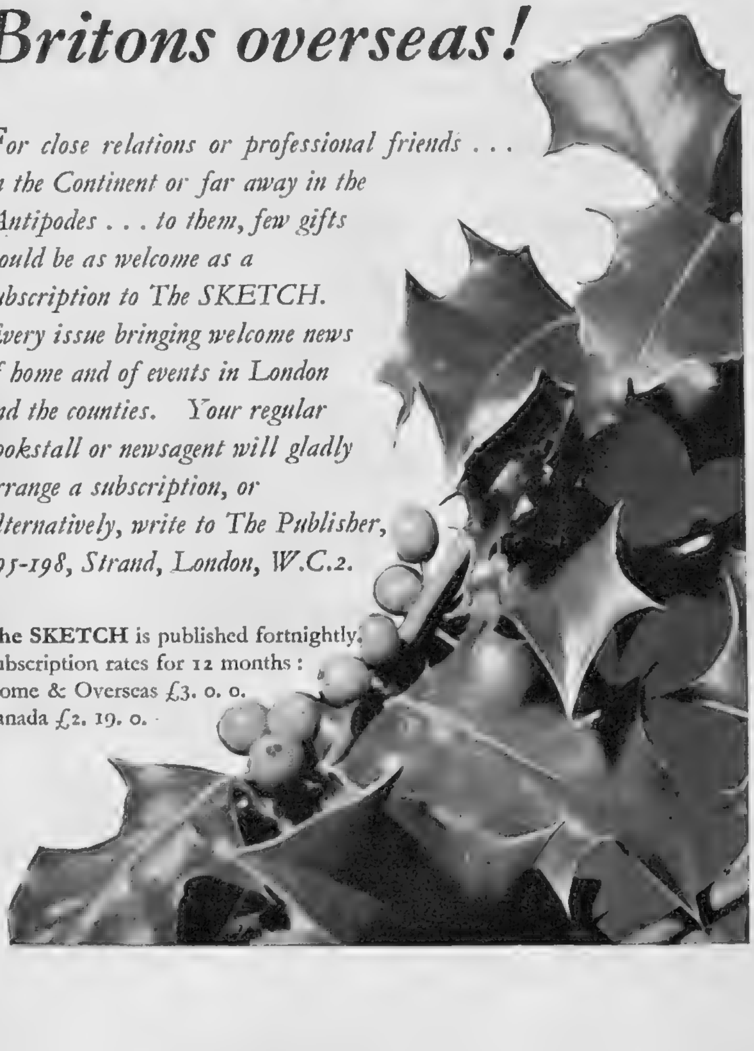

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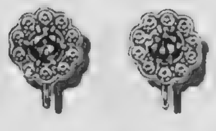

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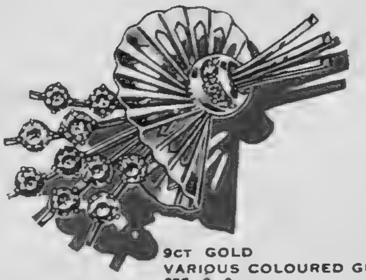

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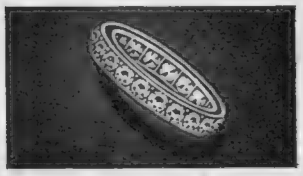

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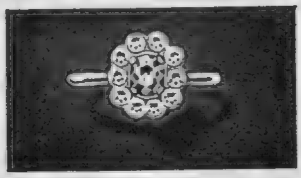

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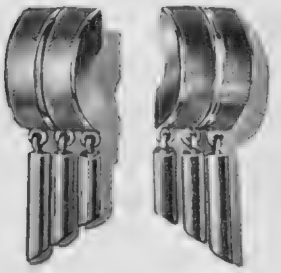

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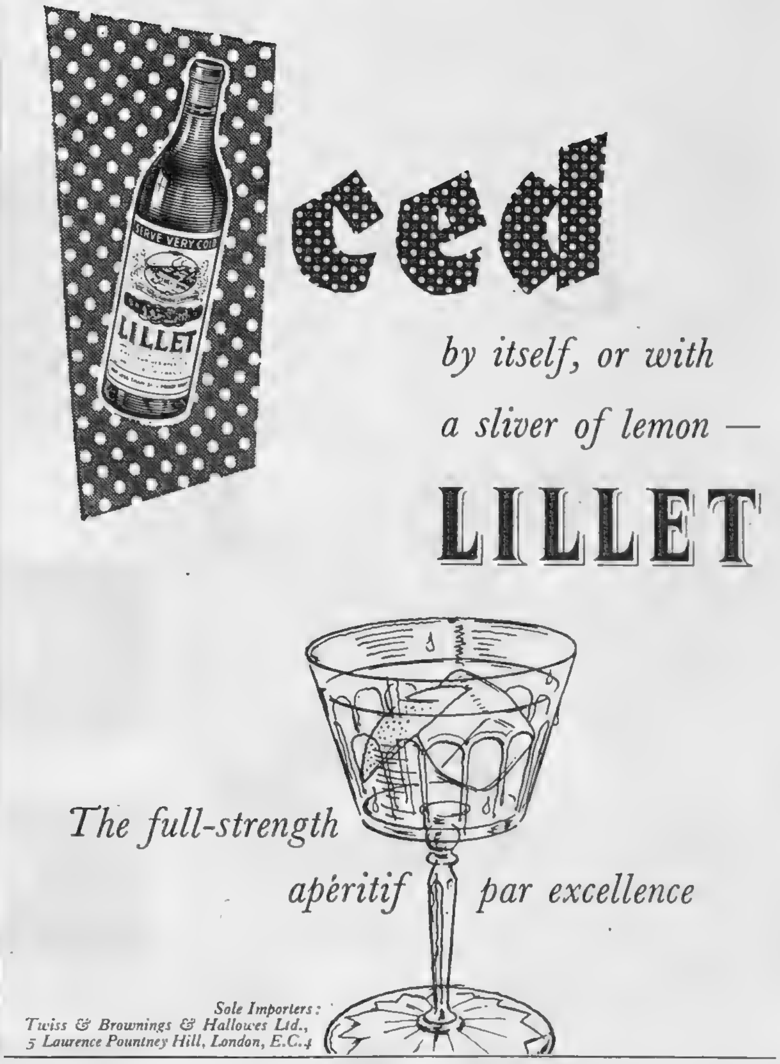

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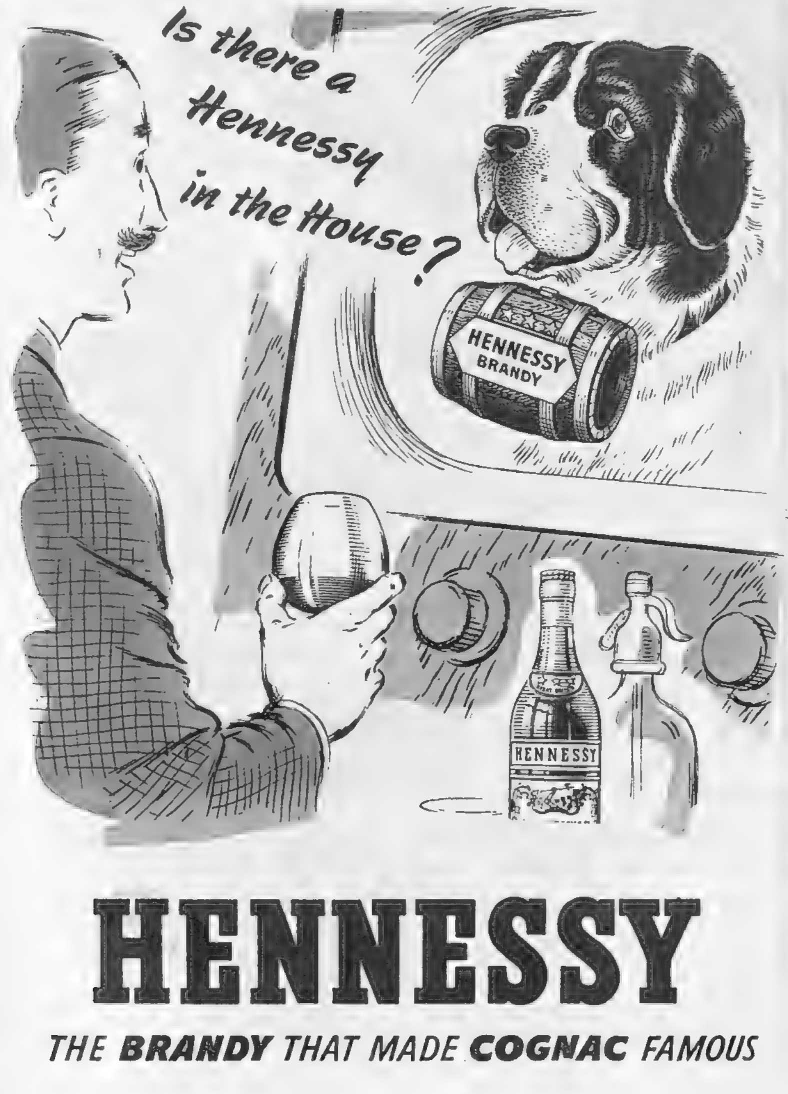

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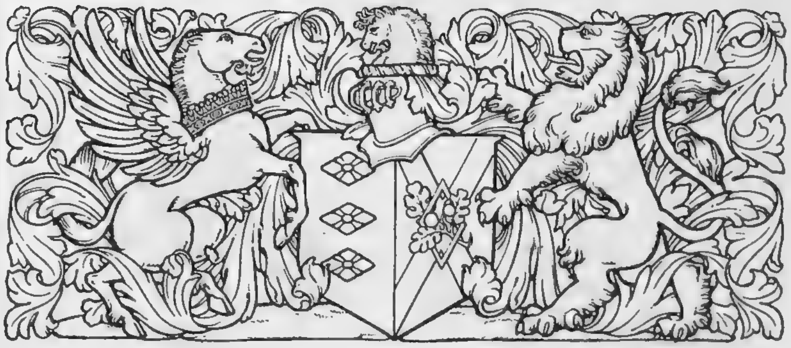

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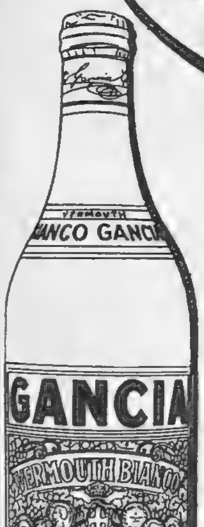

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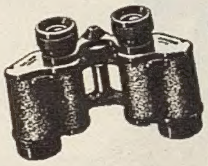

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